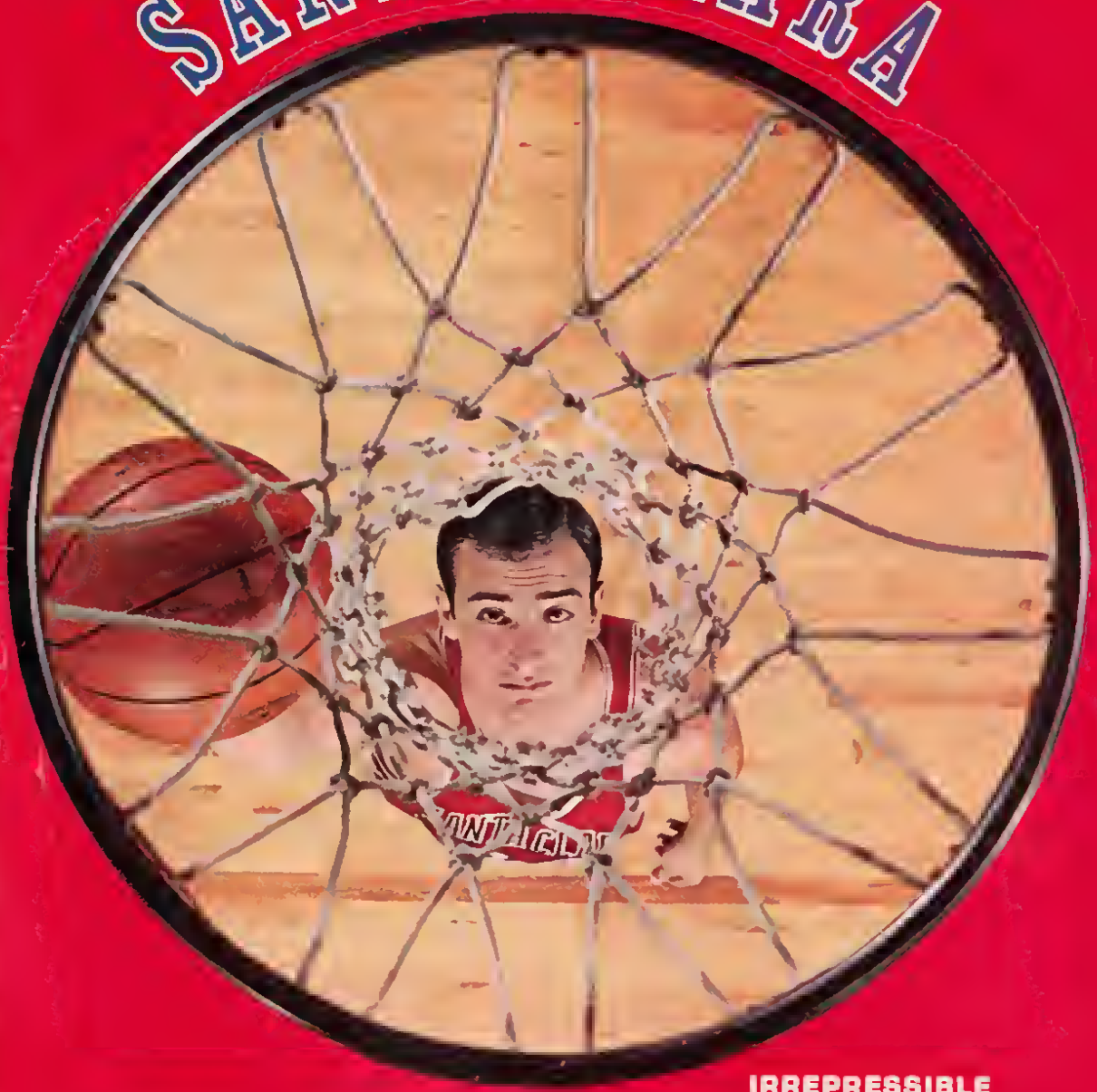
Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 10, 1969 50 CENTS

# SANTA CLARA



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**WHAT WE CHANGED.**

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Even more telling, though, is a comment by one of our engineers who, when asked to sum up the 1969 Volvo, said...

"Behind that emblem, is an otherwise perfect car."

VOLVO

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CH1

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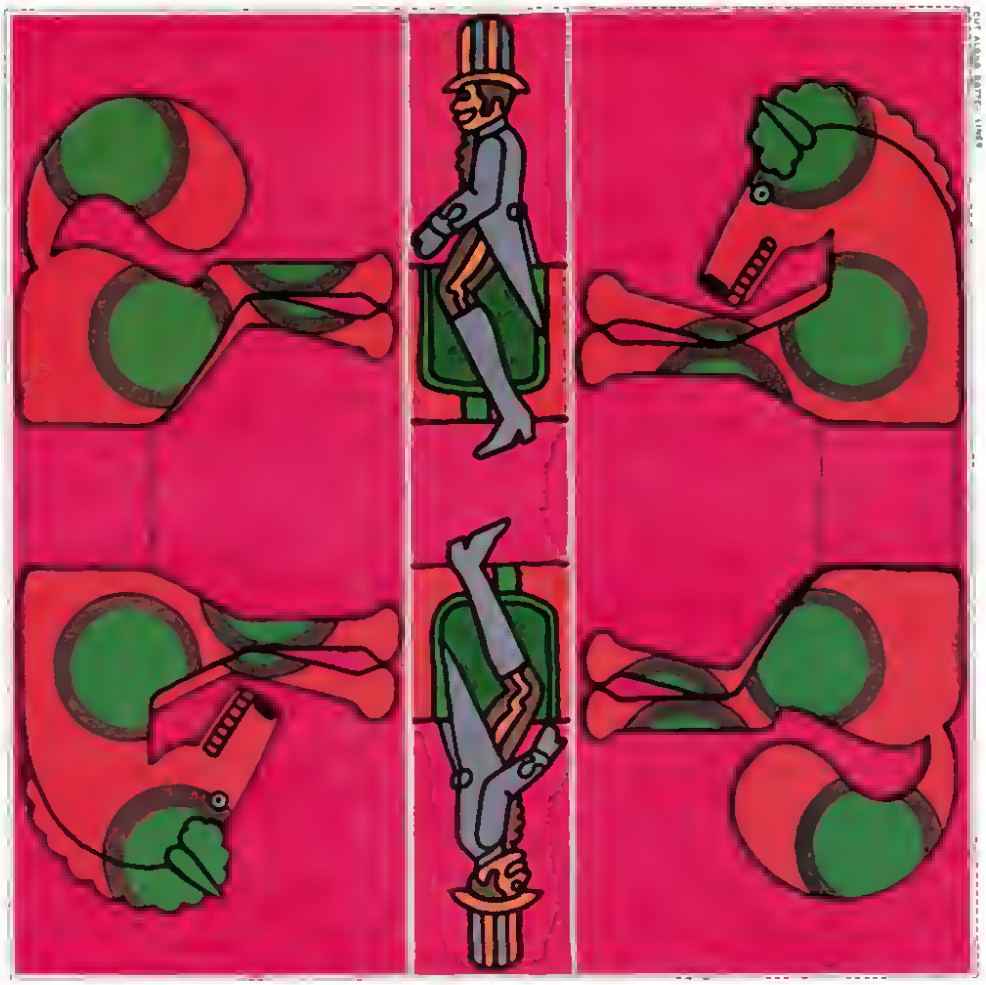

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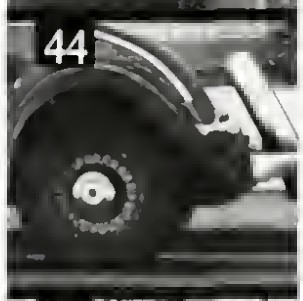

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## Next week

***THE YOUNG LIONS*** of pro golf, players such as Bob Lunn, Bob Murphy and Dave Stockton, are making inroads on the fame of the established stars. Dan Jenkins studies the trend.

***TOURNAMENT TIME*** in Iowa means just one thing—girls. They play basketball, so prettily, in fact, that they draw larger crowds than the boys. Photographs in color show why.

***CHURNING MOTORS*** replace the horse and the hounds as Minnesota hunters who have never heard a tallyho pursue a classic quarry—the red fox—in a most unclassic manner.

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# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

As the airplane droned through the sky between Corvallis, Ore. and Oakland, Calif., Staff Writer Roy Blount Jr. was not getting much work done. Sitting beside him in the plane was Dick Fosbury, the backward-diving high jumper, who was Blount's assignment and who doesn't much care for interviews. Blount did not press him. "He lost interest in talking," Roy says, "and picked up a magazine. I did too, and the rest of the trip was pleasant, if unproductive." In the end Blount's soft-sell technique proved effective. By the time the Oakland track meet was over, they were engaging in long discussions about jumping tactics and how

AUTHOR BLOUNT: HE KNEW THE VERSE

Fosbury began using his famous Flop — the unique style that won him an Olympic gold medal — all of which can be gleaned from the article beginning on page 24. "As soon as I saw Fosbury jump," Blount says, "I knew we had an affinity. Once in college during an intramural football game I blocked an extra-point try by backing into it. Unfortunately, my own team was kicking. I was at blocking back, and I must have retreated more than I thought."

Blount's college was Vanderbilt, which he attended on a Grantland Rice scholarship. He edited the school paper, *The Hustler*, and once assigned himself to a story on sky diving. To get the right feel for the sport, he jumped from a Piper Cub at 2,500 feet —and landed in a patch of cockleburs. After graduation he went to Harvard on a Woodrow Wilson fellowship for prospective teachers and earned a master's in English. But he also became disenchanted with formal education. "On one comprehensive exam," he says, "they gave us a list of obscure lyric poems from the English Renaissance, which we had to place in chronological order. We also had to identify the poets. If it had been a comparable baseball quiz on obscure third basemen, where we had to list what teams they played for and when, I probably would have enjoyed it. But I didn't think it was any way to study literature. I found it impossible to unite the traditions of Rice and Wilson, so I went into the newspaper business."

Since coming to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED from *The Atlanta Journal*, where he was an editorial writer and columnist, Roy has done stories on Clark Graebner and Jim Ryun, spent four months writing our SCORECARD section and, just before Fosbury, traveled with a group of our junketeers to the Super Bowl for an article two weeks ago. "I just stood around quietly watching," he says of that assignment, neglecting to mention that at one point he was the star of the trip. Driving between West End and Freeport, Fla., some junketeers were launched strongly into *There Is a Tavern in the Town*, when they discovered that no one knew the last verse. Except Blount. "Dig my grave both wide and deep . . . ," he began. An instant hero. The junket was saved.

Gary Valk


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# SCORECARD

**TAST PATTARN**

Harness racing has been experimenting for three years now with prerace testing of horses for drugs, and the results thus far indicate that a scandal like the Dancer's Image-Kentucky Derby affair, in which an illegally administered medication was found in the horse *after* the race, need never occur again. As Dr. Vernon L. Tharp, head of Ohio State University's veterinary clinic, where most of the research into prerace testing has taken place, says, "The thing that is so great about it is, you scratch the horse *before* anyone is hurt."

Prerace testing costs more (about $648 a night at Scioto Downs in Ohio, where tests were made under competitive conditions, as compared to about $170 for post-race examinations) because all the horses in each race are examined instead of only the winners and one or two others selected by lot, which is standard procedure in post-race testing.

The added cost seems a small price to pay if the tests prove satisfactory. Edward Hackett, executive vice-president of the U.S. Trotting Association, says, "The experiments show that prerace testing is at least as accurate as post-race testing." Certainly a prerace scratch is less painful than the bloody wound left by a post-race disqualification.

**TOUR WIRE RECEIVED**

In case you've been wondering how skiing and winter sports in general are holding up in Europe, the Palace Hotel in St. Moritz says it had to spend $1,500 on telegrams to reject requests for reservations for the Christmas and New Year's holidays alone.

**UNSUNG UNSELD**

It seems likely that Elvin Hayes of the San Diego Rockets is going to be the first rookie since Wilt Chamberlain to lead the NBA in scoring, and he also seems certain to be voted the NBA's Rookie of the Year. But another rookie, Wes Unseld of the vastly improved Baltimore Bullets, may be named the league's Outstanding Player. The paradox could come about because the Rookie of the Year honor is awarded by the basketball writers and sportscasters whereas the Outstanding Player is selected by the players themselves. Hayes is a talented, eye-catching performer, but those who play with and against Unseld think he may be the best team player to come into the league in years.

**OPERATION SAPPORO**

Canada, looking ahead to the 1972 Winter Olympics in Sapporo, Japan, is trying to find ways to reduce the wind resistance experienced by Alpine skiers in races. Aerodynamic studies of skiers have been conducted in a 6-by-9-foot wind tunnel under the direction of a team of engineers from Canada's National Aeronautical Establishment. Skiers wore racing equipment and faced simulated speeds up to 111 mph (though 70 mph is about the maximum reached in races). Drag was measured for more than a dozen racing positions, including the "egg," which supposedly is the fastest racing posture for high-speed skiers. Helmets, slacks, boots and skis were also tested. In some cases, fairings were attached to the leg and boot to improve streamlining, and protruding ski boot buckles were covered with tape.

Alan Raines, administrative head coach of Canada's national ski team, thinks the experiment has already produced a new racing position that could shave as much as two seconds per minute from times achieved with the egg, though the tests also reveal that each skier has his own optimum body position. Detailed results will be made known only to members of the Canadian Amateur Ski Association, but Raines says that one of the most important discoveries of the testing was the precise effect the position of a skier's hands and arms has. An arm flailing out to maintain balance can cause a measurable increase in drag and a commensurate decrease in speed.

The Canadian experiment takes on added significance when it is recalled that in the 1968 Olympics only 95/100 of a second separated first and fourth places in the women's downhill and only 88/100 of a second separated first and sixth in the men's slalom. Canadians, in particular, remember that their Nancy Greene, who won the women's giant slalom, missed a second gold medal in the slalom by 29/100 of a second.

**BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN**

Keep dreaming, everything comes true sooner or later. A. G. (Scotty) Kennedy, general manager of Assiniboia Downs in Winnipeg, Manitoba, suggested to delegates at a meeting of the National Association of Canadian Race Tracks that they consider the idea of introducing betting on credit. John Mooney of The Jockey Club Limited in Ontario retorted that such a proposal was dangerous, that "too many people would be getting in over their heads with bets.

It might be a short-term boom, but then it would be a bust."

Surprisingly, five Canadian tracks have already experimented with credit. If American punters had known that, there would have been a sudden flight of railbirds from old hat places like Tropical and Santa Anita, which stuffily insist on cash on the line—but only one, a track in British Columbia, is still using it. Merv Peters of the British Columbia Jockey Club said that no more than 10 or 12 people use the credit system and added, "It's a lot of trouble

From our experience, it's not worth having."

He also said the Jockey Club had had trouble collecting from its two best customers, but he made no mention of relations with its worst customers.

**MIAMI AGAIN**

It was suggested a few weeks ago that you keep an eye on whoever was named head football coach at Miami University of Ohio, since Miami coaches have a habit of moving up to much bigger football jobs. Well, the new coach is Bill Mallory, an assistant these past few seasons to Woody Hayes (another Miami boy) at Ohio State and, like his immediate predecessors, Bo Schembechler (Michigan), John Pont (Indiana) and Ara Parseghian (Notre Dame), a Miami graduate.

As Mallory starts working his way up the football ladder, more evidence has come in that Miami is truly the cradle of coaches. Clive Rush, the New York Jets assistant who was named head coach of the Boston Patriots, is a Miami graduate. Miami now has four of its boys coaching professional football: three alumni (Rush, Weeb Ewbank and Paul Brown) and one former coach (Sid Gillman).

**CUT MAN**

Dr. Dan O. Kilroy, a physician who is chairman of the California state boxing commission, has suggested that eyebrow cuts be stitched during a fight instead of being treated with coagulants, which is the current practice. Dr. Kilroy says that eyebrow cuts, a common cause of technical knockouts, "usually start as small cuts with little bleeding. They are treated in the between-round session, but with each subsequent blow . . . the cut becomes longer and deeper and often reaches such a size as to compel termination of the bout. If we can suture the cut when it is tiny, we not only stop the bleeding, we take away a target for the fighter's opponent."

Dr. Kilroy says that stitching a cut would require no more than two minutes between rounds. This week he is proposing to the California commission that a pilot study he made of fights in the Sacramento area to test whether his plan is feasible.

Meanwhile, on the opposite side of the country, in Florida, Dr. Ralph Millard had arrived at the same conclusion, though he insists that he could get the

*continued*




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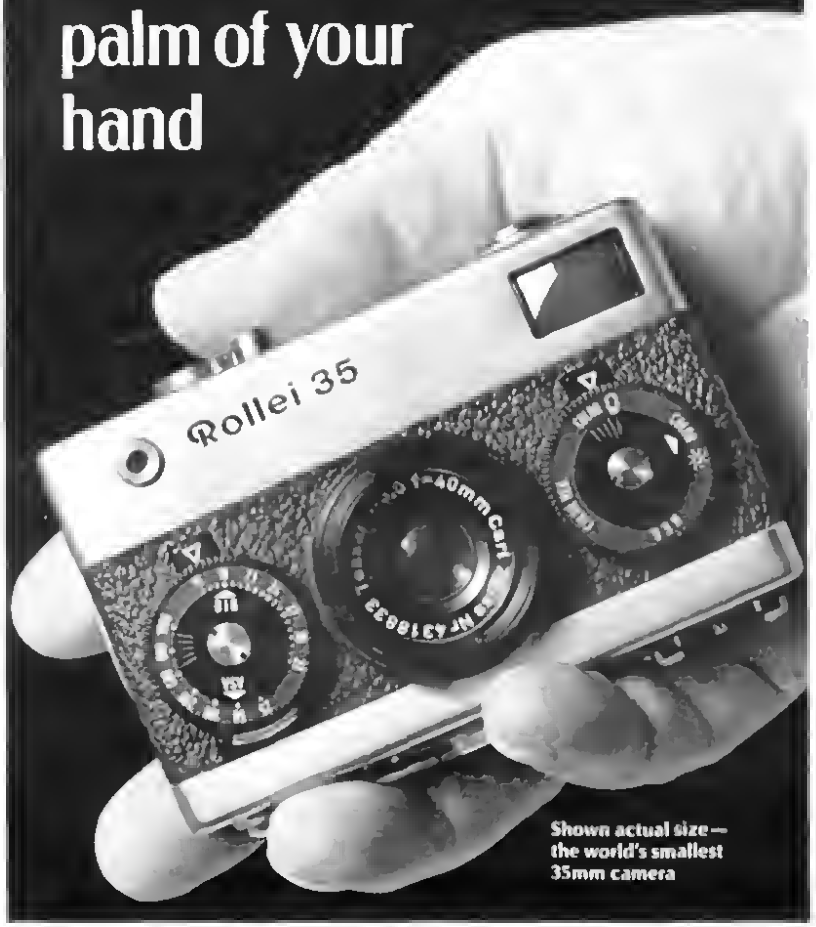


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process of stitching a cut down to half a minute. "The two-minute time out is okay," he says, "but it really isn't necessary." Millard, a noted plastic surgeon, sutured a fighter between rounds at a Miami fight a few years ago, and he reports that the stitches held up under repeated blows during the fight and that the wound healed with less scar than cuts that are not sutured until after a fight is over.

Like Dr. Kilroy, Dr. Millard believes that most cuts received in a fight are not serious in themselves and if closed promptly would give no trouble. He feels that the use of stitches would be most important in championship bouts. "It seems unfair," he argues, "that a superior fighter with a tendency to cut can lose a fight he is actually winning."

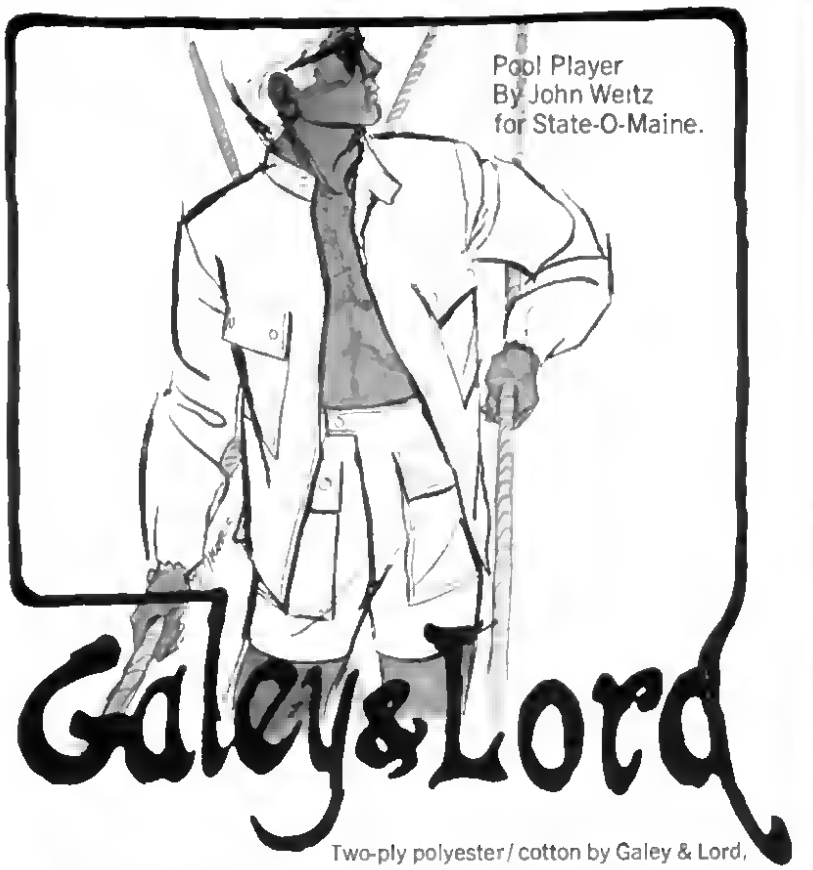
#### PUT THE MONEY IN THE POT

The dispute continues between major league players and owners over the proper disposition of the increased revenue (about $4.2 million annually) baseball will receive for World Series, All-Star Game and Game of the Week telecasts under its new contract. We think both sides are being shortsighted—the owners for wanting to give the players a lesser share of the overall sum (about 31%, compared to 33⅓), and the players for wanting to use whatever money they get only for their pension plan.

Baseball, admittedly, is a livelihood, but it is still a sport and it should do all it can to enhance its glamour and excitement. Money is glamorous and exciting. Its absence is not. Art Shamsky of the Mets said recently, "There are some things about baseball that bug me. In pro football a guy gets $25,000 for playing two title games. Our fellows don't get half that much for winning the World Series." Shamsky is on a ninth-place team. Yet he resents the puny image created by the diminutive World Series payoff.

The reason World Series shares are so small is because they come only from gate receipts. None of the rich television revenue is included. We think the owners and players ought to agree right now that, no matter who wins the current dispute, a substantial part of the TV money—or similar revenue from the new playoff system—will be put into the World Series pot. An extra $1.2 million added to the players' share of World Series gate receipts would raise a winning

*continued*



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### CHANGE OF LUCK

Something akin to a Spaniard popping over to the U.S. and hitting four home runs in one game has happened in Spain. John Fulton, who has been living in Seville for a dozen years, was the first American to be fully qualified as a matador in Spain (SI, July 29, 1968). But though he is a sound, workmanlike performer, Fulton has been received about as enthusiastically as a pinch hitter from Madrid would be by a major league ball team. He hasn't been allowed to play very often.

This winter his luck changed. At a charity festival in Seville the bulls were Miuras, the most terrifying toros in Spain. The only reason Fulton was in the ring was because most Spanish matadors refuse to fight Miuras, which are big and difficult (it was a Miura that killed the storied Manolete).

The first thing the bull did to Hone Footon (the closest the Spaniards come to pronouncing the name) was to toss him over its horns. Fulton picked himself up, tried again and fought so well that he won a trophy rarely awarded these days in Spain: the ear of a Miura bull. Hone Footon has now been approached by several impresarios with offers of fights in the spring. The only trouble is, all of them will be against Miuras.

### THEY SAID IT

• Sid Gillman, San Diego Chargers coach, after his first-round draft of Quarterback Marty Domres of Columbia: "Mindwise, the kid has got it. You don't get into Columbia if you haven't got it. Mindwise, Columbia is the Gem of the Ocean."

• Abe Lemons, Oklahoma City basketball coach, wryly commenting on the frustrations of recruiting: "I don't believe I'm going to recruit high school boys anymore. You can save money by recruiting junior-college boys. If they play, it costs you a scholarship for only two years. If a high school boy comes in and can't play, you're stuck for four years." **END**

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**Sports Illustrated**
FEBRUARY 10, 1969

# SHOCKER AT DAYTONA

*Surviving fire, crack-ups and other calamities of the year's first big endurance race, an American Lola-Chevy team won an astonishing victory over the favored Porsches and Fords. Woke up the old folks, too* **by ROBERT F. JONES**

Among its many superlatives, the U.S. can boast the highest population of retired folks and the largest number of fast automobiles in the world. Nowhere are these opposites of the American character more obvious than in Daytona Beach, Fla., a verdant seaside town of 50,000 where speed and senility coexist, windswept cheek by withered jowl. For most of the year Daytona is the essence of senior citizenship: the aged dine frugally in clean, well-lighted restaurants; they doze fitfully in the auction-and-bingo parlors along Seabreeze Boulevard; they toss bread to the soaring gulls on the beaches or merely contemplate the zinnias outside the venerable Princess Issena Hotel. Daytona talks in a whisper. Then, like a sudden shout, come Speedweeks.

Last week the young in their gleaming sports cars descended on Daytona and the snaky 3.81-mile Daytona International Speedway, site of the first big road race of the year, The 24 Hours of Daytona. In the flash of a spark plug, the town was transformed. Quiet avenues echoed to the vroom-vroom of lightly muffled engines—Lancias and Ferraris, Mustangs and Camaros, Cobras and Corvettes. There were sunburns and sideburns and lovely girls in falls and pants suits. There were the racers: the Ford GT-40s, the Lola-Chevys and the lean, long-tailed Porsche 908s. They had come to Daytona to renew their rivalry for the world manufacturers' championship, a seven-month, 10-race battle of speed and reliability that begins at Daytona and ends in Austria in August. Last year, after Porsche opened the series with a 1-2-3 sweep at Daytona, Ford came back to win both Le Mans and the championship by a narrow margin, 45 points to 42. This year there would be other contenders as well: the new, royal-blue Lolas with their husky five-liter Chevrolet engines, a china-blue-and-green Matra financed by the French government, and possibly a team of Ferraris returning after a year's absence from the circuit with a new three-liter prototype. (Unfortunately for the gate at Daytona—only 20,000 spectators turned up—Enzo Ferrari was unable to get his new cars to the first race, but they were promised for next month's 12-hour event at Sebring.)

To the considerable astonishment of Daytona's mod visitors and senior citizens alike, the Porsches perished, the Fords folded and the fast but historically fragile Lolas came out on top. America's Mark Donohue and his emergency co-driver, Chuck Parsons, were in the winning car. Implausibly in second place was a trouble-prone Lola entered by the film actor, Jim Garner.

As in most European-type road races, there was nearly as much thunder in the preparation for the race as in the event itself. Early in the week the hardware began arriving, the owners' trailers encamping on the grassy infield like the medieval pavilions of the joust. Trailers and cars displayed the contemporary equivalents of a great lady's favor—signs endorsing the virtues of Goodyear or Firestone tires, Pure or Sunoco gasoline, Bosch or Champion spark plugs. In the garages the mechanics tinkered like armorers while the drivers lolled in their modern suits of mail, woven of space-age, fireproof Beta yarn, carrying plastic helmets duded up with national banners.

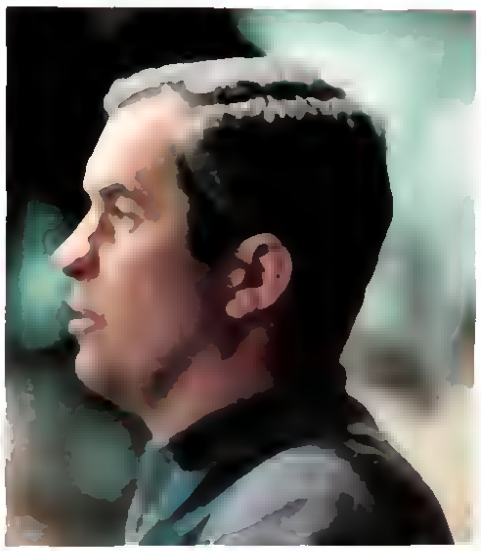
After the hardware and the mechanics and the drivers came the camp followers: chicks in tight pants and cutout minidresses, guys in leather cowboy hats and shades. The scene would have warmed the heart of Marshall McLuhan, for a road race is the epitome of a nonlinear event. Sounds clashed with images in mind-bending discontinuity—the fighter-plane whine of the Porsches punctuated by the gutturals of Camaros and Sting Rays as the cars practiced, the public-address system muttering in total unintelligibility over the din.

In the pits the tone of each camp quickly became clear. Toward the head of the pit area stood the two Ford GT-40s entered by JW Automotive Engineering Ltd. of London. JW stands for John Wyer, the gaunt, laconic English engineer who once directed the Aston Martin racing teams and now has cast his lot with Ford. After an FIA rule change in 1967 eliminated Ford's big Mark IV cars from world manufacturers' contention, Wyer fell back on his own (and

*continued*

*Night people at Daytona refuel winning Lola-Chevrolet in pit stop (top) and put out flames consuming Mario Calabattisti's Alfa Romeo car.*

SUNOCO
6



Gulf Oil's) resources. Low-slung and discreet in sky-blue and orange, his cars would be driven by some of Europe's best young drivers.

In No. 1 were Belgium's Jackie Ickx and Britain's Jack Oliver. Ickx, 24 and the son of a Belgian motor sportswriter, is an unlikely sight on the circuit. He is small, slim and has an alabaster complexion that would better suit a Camay commercial than a Ford ad. He shakes his black ringlets with soft-spoken elusiveness when asked about the speed of his car. "Is quick enough," he says, then looks around vaguely and continues, "This is lovely country you got here." Despite his appearance, Ickx is quite a driver. Last year, his first on the trying Formula 1 circuit, he placed fourth in such company as Graham Hill, Jackie Stewart and Denis Hulme. Oliver, a tough-talking veteran of Formula II and Formula 1 campaigns, was driving for the first time at Daytona in the heavier sports cars.

Down the line stood the broad-shouldered, steep-sterned Lolas, two of them entered by Garner's American International Racing Company, one by Sportscar Unlimited of Switzerland and a fourth by ex-Driver Roger Penske. His car was clearly the favorite among the Lolas, and Roger had wrapped both it and himself in an air of mystery. He showed up at midweek, perhaps arriving late in an attempt to psych the other teams, and stood around not saying much but looking dapper in a turtleneck sweater, his close-cropped black hair grizzled with gentility about the temples, while Driver Donohue qualified the car in record-breaking time (121.704 mph, bettering Ickx's qualifying mark—set last year—by more than two mph). Penske's second driver, Californian Ronnie Bucknum, was unable to compete; he had broken his right index finger in a fall from a motorcycle. Enter Chuck Parsons.

If the Lolas were just about the quickest of the challengers, the French Matra was the prettiest. Slimmer even than the Porsches and graced with a throaty Gallic voice—Edith Piaf in chromed steel—it lanced around the circuit with a panache that spelled speed, if only the car could endure. "Kvick it iss," said Porsche Driver Rolf Stommelen, "but it cannot last." Driven by French Driver "Johnny" Servoz-Gavin, a hawk-nosed veteran who favors a Prince Valiant hairdo and a sinuous girl friend, the Matra performed briefly but impressively. Then, in its first night practice, the second driver, bearded Henri Pescarolo, slipped into a ruinous shimmy at high speed, flipped the car onto its blue-and-green bonnet and was run over by a Porsche 911. Pescarolo emerged from the wreck with minor bruises, but the Matra was totaled. Next morning at breakfast the Matra team was as sad a group of beautiful people as could be found in the Americas. *Pouf!* Two hundred thousand new francs down the Seine.

There were small, tight grins in the Porsche pits, whose five entries differed from last year's early Porsches only in their larger engines (up from 2.2 liters to three) and in their more sophisticated airfoils, or spoilers, added to hold the cars steady while cornering at speed. Everyone believed the Porsches could last and, when England's Vic Elford won the pole at 122.246 mph, it seemed that they were the "kvickest" as well.

As the 63 starters rolled away on Saturday afternoon, the 20-yard-long Porsche pit gleamed with surgically clean tools. Down the pit wall little could be seen of the Penske team in its modest, tarp-enclosed area. The start was as reverberant as any at Indy, the Porsches moving out ahead except for a brief but prophetic surge into the lead by Jo Bonnier's Swiss Lola-Chevy after 18 laps.

By sunset it looked like a Porsche blitzkrieg. Penske's No. 6 Lola was having serious fuel pickup problems and, with only 20 gallons of its 37-gallon-tank capacity available at each pit stop, was having to pull in every 40 to 45 minutes. The Fords, possibly lying back deliberately to ease the strain on their engines, were in the second flight of cars.

Under the setting sun—which looked like a giant ad for Minute Maid—fires glowed in the infield as fans prepared their dinners. The smoke drifted to the high east bank of the track, confusing inexperienced drivers and lending an oddly barbaric tone to the race.

And as the sun went down more trouble began. An Alfa Romeo crashed and went up in flames. Bonnier's Lola creamed the wall. The mighty Porsches began leaking exhaust fumes into their closed cockpits and the drivers pulled into the pits nearly asphyxiated, clutching their throats, their tongues protruding as they gasped for air.

Viewing the Porsches in jeopardy, John Wyer sipped tea laced with brandy in his homey Ford GT-40 pit. By one o'clock Sunday morning he was able to light up a confident cigar, for his Fords were running 1-2. Though Porsche had done some fast patching on the exhaust menace, two of the 908s had broken down and another was soon to go.

Under his tarp Penske was suffering in silence. His Lola had a cracked exhaust pipe requiring welding, a desperately hasty job that still took an hour and 19 minutes. Pro that he is—owner of last season's top Trans-American and U.S. Road Racing Championship cars—Penske conceded himself a gambler's chance to win it all. "I told my boys there were 15 hours left," he said later, "and that if we could get the car fixed we'd still be in there." Back on the track in the Florida night, No. 6 streamed a brilliant blue-white exhaust.

And then the race came back to Roger. Of the two remaining Porsches, one blew its engine at 5:40 a.m. Snip-cut went the GT-40s—Jackie Ickx's into the wall and David Hobbs's out with a cracked cylinder head. Which left the No. 53 Porsche of Gerhard Mitter an insurmountable 50 laps ahead of the Penske Lola. As Sunday's sun arched up in the sky, that last obstacle between Penske and glorious upset fell. It was an intermediate shaft in the Porsche, "a little part between the camshaft and the crankshaft," in Team Manager Rico Steinemann's words, which blew.

When Chuck Parsons wheeled the big Lola under the checkered flag—he and Donohue having driven 2,383.75 miles at 99.268 mph—Penske permitted himself a small grin. Likewise Donohue, who is called "Mr. Clean" for his gentlemanly and efficient racing approach.

He and Parsons had cleaned up $15,000 for their 24-hour journey, Penske had cleaned the clocks of the teams that couldn't be beat, and all the visitors had struck a blow at bingo. **END**

*Daytona's mod scene displayed long-haired Matra Driver Johnny Servoz-Gavin and pit guest, red-jacketed Porsche men deep into a sick car, the royal-blue winner (No. 6) cornering, a beguiled fan smiling and winning Owner Roger Penske lost in thought.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TRIOLO

# MR. COMMISSIONER SPEAKS OUT

by PAT RYAN

*Pro golf, having survived its civil war, is still faced with many problems that its new tour commissioner, Joe Dey, must solve. Questioned about some of the more pressing ones last week, Dey offers his views*

Q. Why did you take the job of commissioner of the Professional Golfers' Association tour?

A. There are two principal agencies in golf—the USGA and the PGA. The USGA seemed to be in good shape, but the PGA has had a long period of trial and tribulation. At one point the split between the PGA administration and the touring players looked almost irreconcilable. When the breach recently was healed it seemed to me there was an opportunity to help the game of golf by attempting to contribute to the new solidity of the PGA. It seemed another way of serving golf.

Q. Who is your boss in the PGA?

A. The Tournament Policy Board, which consists of four touring professionals, the three officers of the PGA and three noted businessmen. To me, the businessmen are very important in the setup. You had, formerly, just the two antagonists—the PGA administration and the players. The pros had their personal interests. The PGA had its direct interests. And they both should have. But now you have a balancing factor, the businessmen, who I believe will be able to see an issue in a well-rounded way and make a fair, practical decision. I think the players and the PGA will have the same attitude. I think they are all going to get caught up in something that is really transcendental—something that says the game is *the* thing, and the better the game the better our thing. I talked with one of the businessmen [they are Coca-Cola President Paul Austin, George Love, chairman of Consolidation Coal Company, and John Murchison, a Texas financier] and he said he would be surprised if we have any division on doctrinal lines. I feel the same way.

Q. In other words, you feel what might be called the philosophy of the buck will no longer be the dominating attitude?

A. You want the fellows to earn as much as they can. The worker is worthy of his hire, and I don't derogate fellows getting all the money they are entitled to. But to me quality is going to produce more money. You do a thing in the right way and everything needful follows. I believe that, and my hope is to put the emphasis on quality and let the money follow.

Q. Sponsors risk hundreds of thousands of dollars on tour events with almost no guarantee that any of the tour's stars will show up. Should there be a PGA policy to guarantee a certain percentage of the top 10 players in each event?

A. There is some sort of requirement now, and until I can review how it works—or does not work—I'd rather not make any definite statement. But, as a general proposition, I have observed the discomfiture of sponsors in the past when some leading players have not appeared, and it does seem that some measure of assurance ought to be given to sponsors that they will have X number of leading players. Remember, though, that the players are independent contractors. They are not on somebody's payroll. You can't force a fellow to go somewhere he doesn't want to go. But there is a happy medium somewhere. Certainly a lot of attention should be given to the sponsors' need for an attractive field, a representative field. They deserve it.

Q. The pros often complain of fatigue and about the year-round tour schedule. Do you think there ought to be a limit to the number of tournaments in a year?

A. I have felt for many years there should be two divisions of tournament golf. There is a satellite tour developing now. I think there will be four or five such satellite events this year. It could be that eventually you will have a limited number of so-called big-money tournaments, with the second tour feeding talent into the major tour. It seems to me if you have the incentive and ability to move up from a $50,000 tournament class to a $200,000 tournament class, then God bless you.

Q. Your determination to speed up play caused a celebrated hassle at several U.S. Opens. Are you going to try to quicken play on the pro tour?

A. I intend to investigate the possibility.

Q. Do you think the prestige of the PGA Championship might be raised by going back to the old format of match play?

A. The best test of professional golfers is medal play—stroke play where every shot counts. If you are trying to determine the champion among all professional golfers, the event should be medal play. However, I think one major match-play competition a year would be an excellent thing to have on the pro tour, and I think the pros would welcome it. But it should not be the PGA Championship.

Q. Are you satisfied with the present methods of televising golf tournaments?

A. I have no specific ideas in this area as yet, but it is a provocative field. For example, is television time properly used? You have a television program of an hour and a half. How many shots do you see in that hour and a half? Could you see more? I don't know. Technically it will soon be possible to show more than the last few holes of a tournament. There has been a limitation because of the tremendous cost of physical facilities for broadcasting companies, but now they are developing ways to better use mobile cameras. That, plus more taping of early holes or unusual shots, might

*Posed beneath a portrait of Bobby Jones in his office Dey wears a look of authority.*

make for more action and excitement for the TV viewer.

Q. Do you feel that the professional golfer has an effect on the amateur game?

A. The effect of the touring professional is profound, and this is one of the things that influenced me in my decision to take this job. The example set by the pros is the one followed by the amateurs. Take a rule, any rule of golf. I say this with feeling—the USGA can publish a rules book and put out hundreds of thousands of copies of it, but one pro star obeying that rule can exert a stronger influence than any words in a book. Since this power to set a good example exists, I would hope that in every aspect it could be turned to constructive use for the whole game of golf. Certainly the pros could help improve the pace of play. They can also display little matters of etiquette—making a point of things that many people in this country don't know about. Golf in the U.S. is largely a first-generation game. It isn't as if we've soaked in all the traditions that some of our friends in other countries have. There are things about the niceties, the manners of golf, that make it a distinctive sport. I think the professionals have in the past, and might increasingly in the future, shore up this etiquette of golf. I am conscious of the usefulness of the pro golfers' behavior.

Q. What do you feel is the status of golf as a sport in America today, and what future do you see for it?

A. There are about 9,000 golf courses in the U.S., which means there are more in this country than in the rest of the world put together. My guess is that within 20 years you will have twice as many courses and twice as many golfers. I think the increased interest will be reflected in the professional tour. The two things parallel each other: the growth of recreational golf and the professional sport. We sit here in Golf House and the walls in this room are hung with clubs made 100 to 200 years ago. Over there are feather balls. To say that the game is not going to change is flying in the face of history. What we are seeing today is not what we are going to be seeing a decade from now. The potential for worldwide growth in golf is staggering. As class consciousness disappears in golf—it is an upper-class sport except in the English-speaking countries—and as other countries develop a middle class that can afford to have recreation, you are going to see more and more people turning to golf.

Q. Will there be any change in the PGA's views toward international golf—to help rather than, as has seemed the policy in the past, hinder its development?

A. I start with a special consideration for national championships—the PGA, the British Open, the U.S. Open; these are the main focal points. I would hate to see these impaired, because I think they serve a very special purpose in golf. I can see leading players—Palmer, Nicklaus, Casper, Player, fellows like that—wanting to play in the British Open. Some others don't want to, because of the expense, so they ought to be able to play in a $120,000 or $150,000 tour tournament in the U.S. that same week. I don't think these events hurt each other. I think there is room for both. Essentially, I am for international golf. It's almost like Charlie (Engine) Wilson, who said what's good for General Motors is good for the country. It seems to me the more good golf there is anywhere in the world the more it is going to benefit the good players, those who play professional tour golf. I tend to take the broad view, by instinct.

Q. Do you have any immediate plans for major changes in the tour?

A. When it comes to innovations in something as basically successful as the pro tour, the best plan of all is to make haste slowly. **END**

# ANNIE DOESN'T SKI HERE ANYMORE

*The World Cup race was going well for little Miss Famose until the day she started down Austria's Kandahar course—and took the tumble that turned the women's competition upside down* **by BOB OTTUM**

*Cute and confident, Annie was ahead*

She would have been a beautiful world champion, little Annie. She had all of it, the gamin look, the turned-up personality and nose to match, that catch-me-come-kiss-me haircut. The walk of a lady panther. Annie Famose also had an impressive lead on the World Cup, with nine races down and 11 to go, when she came to St. Anton am Arlberg in Austria last week. There she fell, with what has to be the thump heard round the ski world. In a matter of minutes the race to find the world's top woman skier was wide open again and it was a sad day for pixies everywhere.

Things started smoothly enough. The traveling ski circus, slowly working its way across the mountaintops of Europe toward a final stand in the United States, arrived in town and unpacked for the Arlberg-Kandahar: boys and girls together for a weekend that would include two downhills and two slaloms, followed by some St. Magdalena, which is Austria's best wine, followed by a little dancing in the picturesque streets when it was all over. This season's racing series has been like that, ragged in an off-Olympic year, and not to be taken too seriously. Still, it is a vintage year for girls, with the French and Austrians fighting it out for top honors until the world championship next year—and with the Americans sort of on the verge, as they always are, of getting there. And while the men racers provide the slam-bang touch to this dangerous game, a lot of that kick has already gone: the series already has been awarded over to Austria's Karl Schranz (SI, Jan. 27), who came to town and won the downhill as expected. No surprises there, it is Karl's home town. It was the girls that St. Anton turned out to see.

And there was little Annie, the Minnie Rooney of the mountains, 24 years old and captain of the French team, all nicely zipped into that skintight, shiny blue racing suit, looking like she had her crash helmets done by Yves Saint Laurent—with just enough of a lead in cup points to make it exciting. On the way to St. Anton she had barreled her way to two second and two fourth places in slalom, second and third in a pair of downhills, a third in a giant slalom and had earned two first-place combined victories.

It was, said French Coach Jean Béranger, "Annie's big year." He was right. The secret is not in specializing and winning an occasional first, as girls will do, but in racing everybody ragged by always finishing high in the order and piling up points. And Annie was doing all that. The week before the Kandahar, Annie's second-place downhill charge had pushed her ahead of Austria's Gertrud Gabl, 101 points to 90, and Famose was now clearly picking up the pace. The next closest girl was West Germany's Rosi Mittermaier, with 71 and a long way to go.

The Kandahar course starts at the top of Austria—where a skier could take off in any direction, including Switzerland—and plunges along a 2,086-foot vertical drop roughly toward the railroad tracks in downtown St. Anton. If it is not the toughest downhill run in Europe, that honor going to the Hahnenkamm in Kitzbühel, it looked like the toughest when all the girls assembled on top in a snowstorm last Thursday for the nonstop training run. This is a traditional ski-racing event designed to 1) let the racers study the course at speed and 2) see if everybody can really make it to the bottom. Annie, first out of the gate at precisely 11 a.m., did not.

Sailing off three high, tough turns, down a wall called *Oberer Barensprung*, which means something awful like Upper Bear Jump, little Annie swung into

what should have been a slow section—but going, as she likes to do, like the mini-express to Munich. She dug a ski tip into the soft snow and tumbled. She bounced for 90 feet. It was all over in an instant: both skis popped off, but too late. She had broken her left leg just above the boot line and had badly torn her Achilles' tendon. Tobogganed to the bottom, she was loaded into an ambulance to Zurich and then flown to the Jouvenet Clinic in Paris. But before she left she told Michel Clare of France's sports daily, *L'Equipe*, "I don't understand at all what happened to me. I was going fast, very fast. I was in the middle of the run in a passage requiring considerable technique but which had caused me no problems during the training. I even *liked* this passage. I must have been thrown off-balance, and I felt myself hurled forward. It hurt me badly. Very badly. It is not possible. I'm going to wake up and find this was a nightmare."

It was worse than that when the word got around. The Paris daily, *L'Aurore*, called it "catastrophic for the French women's team," and *Le Monde* lamented the loss of the country's best woman skier, the one with a good chance to become the first French woman to win the World Cup. Annie's teammates all cried. Girl skiers cry a lot. Coach Beranger finally had to bark at them and order them back to their rooms.

With little Annie out of it, the event that followed on Friday was anticlimactic—but it showed that this season's cup race will still be hot when the competition moves to the U.S. next month. Austria's Olga Pall, Olympic downhill champion last year, flashed down the course first. Isabelle Mir of France was second, and another Austrian, Wiltrud Drexel, was third. In Saturday's slalom (which was not a World Cup race), Gabl beat them all. And while Annie still technically held more points than anybody else, there was Gabl, now with 93, Drexel with 76 and the Austrian team with the lead.

After the downhill, winner Pall stood in the lobby of the old Hotel Arlberg and opened a telegram from Paris. "Bravo," it said, "Annie l'amoose." And Olga cried. People all around the lobby cried. "I'm sure that Annie would have won the cup," said Pall. "It is so sad that she had this bad fall. I still don't know whether I can win it."

That was enough of that. Austrian girls' Coach Karl Kahr, who was starting to feel a little like Louisa May Alcott, made them all stop crying and took the more practical view. "Gabl must be the World Cup favorite now," he said flatly. "And our Drexel could win it, too. We regret that Gabl got back to the top because of Annie's fall." Across town, Kiki Cutter, closest American girl, in sixth place with 59 points, put in one more bid to become Annie's understudy. "I have to keep on thinking that I can win the cup," she said.

Then the ski circus packed up for the next town, but without Annie. She'll be back, of course. She acknowledged that she knew everybody was sorry about what happened. But: "Bah," she said. "We all know very well there are risks in skiing. If you want to win a race, you have to ski as fast in training as in competition. We know that accidents are part of the game. You have to allow for such things. If not, you might as well stay home and sew. It's less dangerous." **END**

*and then she crashed. The result: a broken leg and a sudden end to her best racing season*

# BEING BACKWARD GETS RESULTS

*Dick Fosbury, Olympic gold medalist in the high jump and inventor of the Fosbury Flop, has quit jumping for a while, but the Fosbury Phenomenon—countless kids making great leaps backward—abides*

**by ROY BLOUNT JR.**

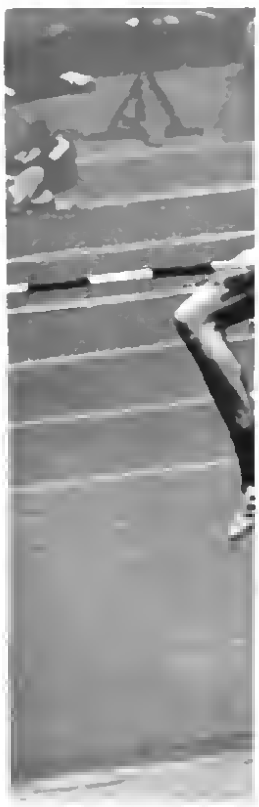
"No, I don't do the Flop," says Oregon State High Jumper Steve Kelly resignedly. "I'm just classical."

The one who Flops is his illustrious teammate, Olympic gold-medalist Dick Fosbury, who, with allusions to the teachings of Confucius and Lao-tzu, disclosed last weekend that he is going to quit Flopping for six weeks, because the spirit has stopped moving him. Fosbury belongs to no traditional school of jump. He doesn't think about form. "I don't even think about the high jump," he says. "It's positive thinking. I just let it happen." Backward. It may be a modern classic.

Kelly is a practitioner of the time-honored straddle. That is, after a short, springy run he kicks his strikingly muscled outside leg straight up, ascends after it, stretches out face down along the bar and shifts, swivels, alley-oops and finagles himself up and over, arm by arm, hip by hip and leg by leg. By contrast, Fosbury, who has markedly skinny legs and doesn't have, according to his coach, "exceptional spring, strength or speed," takes the more instinctual approach (*see below*).

In detail, Fosbury charges up from slightly to the left of center with a gait that may call to mind a two-legged camel, hooks to the right at the last moment, plants his outside (or right) foot parallel to the bar, pushes off with "the action of a screw," as he says, so that his back turns abruptly to the bar and, ideally, rises seven feet and change into the air. Then, cocking an eye over his shoulder at the bar, he extends himself like a slightly apprehensive man lying back on a chaise longue that's too short for him and finally kicks his legs up—and falls flat on his back.

The style is backward, but it may be avant-garde. It defies tradition, but it could be the way the Lord meant man to high-jump—with sufficient cushion-



*Off his form but still unmistakably Flopping, Fosbury comes down hard on his pivot foot, abruptly turns his back to the bar as he ascends, keeps one eye peeled as he starts*

ing. A "back layout," or just "my style," is what its inner-directed author prefers to call it, but to the Oregon State Sports Information Bureau, to the publicists of Madison Square Garden (where Fosbury went out at 6′ 10″ in the Millrose Games last Friday night before announcing that he was withdrawing from six forthcoming meets because "I know I've got it in me but I'm not getting at it") and to little boys jumping backward over couches in living rooms around the country, it is known as the Fosbury Flop.

The first person to call it that was a sportswriter on the *Mail Tribune* in Medford, Ore. (pop. 29,000) where Fosbury — the son of a truck sales manager and a secretary — grew up and where he was recently welcomed back from the Olympics with the first ticker-tape parade in the town's history. "I was really surprised to see so many people come out," Fosbury recalls. "None of the buildings were tall enough for the ticker tape to reach the street, but

The Flop developed, then, in Medford, and it is important to realize that it evolved gradually and naturally, like common law or the mammal. "You'll read that I'm a gymnast," says Fosbury. "You'll read that I'm a physicist and that I sat down one day and figured out a better way to jump. You'll read that I ran up and tripped one day and fell backward over the bar." He shakes his head. In fact, he isn't a gymnast or even, say, a diver or a trampolinist. He used to be in civil engineering but he gave that up this year for less technical studies, such as an introductory course in Eastern religions, which only served to confirm his mystical conception of his event. And he didn't stumble into going over backward, although he acknowledges, readily, that "I didn't change my style. It changed inside me."

To trace this uncommon metamorphosis, we must go back to the fifth grade, where Fos, as he is known, became a high jumper. He went out for grade school track and found, by a process of elimination, that high jumping was what he could do—because he was tall and willing to fall from heights even then. (Now he is 6′ 4″ and a bony 185.) His original impromptu method was the scissors, which Berny Wagner, his coach at OSU, describes as "just natural, like a kid jumping over a fence, sitting up. It's not good because your center of gravity is too high." So first Fosbury's grammar school and then his high school coach labored to teach him the more elaborate and efficient straddle. He learned it but he never got the rhythm, and it didn't carry him very high. Then, in the course of a momentous meet when Fosbury was 16, he reverted to the scissors. As a straddler he had never jumped higher than 5′ 4″. Scissoring, he went higher and higher—and a strange thing began to happen. "As

*continued*

*to stretch out over the top, kicks his legs up and, looking unusually ragged, begins his descent, ultimately landing on his celebrated back on a cushion of three feet of foam*

*Fosbury stands near his house in Corvallis*

the bar got higher, I started laying out more," he recalls, "and pretty soon I was flat on my back." It wasn't the Flop yet—he was still carrying most of his body over the bar at once instead of crossing at right angles—but it was backward and a style all his own, and suddenly he was doing 5′ 10″.

By his junior year Fosbury's back was intersecting the bar at a 45° angle and he was clearing a little more than six feet. By the end of his senior year he had just about attained the pure 90° angle Flop. And nobody much cared. "Everybody just thought," Fosbury recalls, "'It's good to look at, it's pretty funny and everything, but he'll never do anything.'"

But when Fosbury won the National Junior Chamber of Commerce's Junior Championship meet in 1965, the summer after he graduated, Flopping 6′ 7″ into a pit of shavings, Wagner signed him to a letter of intent. Fosbury was planning to go to OSU anyway, and no other school ever showed any interest in him.

In college he tried once again to tamper with nature and learn the straddle. Weaning him from the Flop was Wagner's idea, but Fosbury agreeably complied. "I wanted to be a good high jumper," he explains, "and I knew I couldn't be a good high jumper backwards." So, while continuing to Flop in competition, he worked on straddling in practice, and he got to where he could go all of 5′ 10″ that way. "There was a time," says Wagner, "when I considered making a triple jumper out of him." (Since the world is probably not ready for the backward triple jump, and it is somehow hard to imagine a forward Fosbury, it is a good thing that notion was not pursued.) But then one summer day, when he was 19, and while Wagner was filming the Flop out of curiosity, Fosbury cleared the bar, which was set at 6′ 6″, by a good six inches attired in a pair of plaid Bermuda shorts. "That," says Wagner, "was when I first thought he was going to be a high jumper."

Fosbury forsook the straddle for good, did 6′ 10″ in his sophomore year and then, last season, as a junior, became the most consistent seven-footer in the nation. He still wasn't expected to win an Olympic medal but he took to top-flight competition like a man who has never reflected on the terrible pun inherent in "Flop." Fosbury had to jump 7′ 3″, his best up to that time, to make the U.S. team, and at Mexico City he reached his apogee—7′ 4¼″, an Olympic and American record, only 1½ inches short of Valery Brumel's world mark—and became, like another late starter, a household word.

Men 20 years his senior (Fosbury is 21) now come up to him in restaurants, blurt, "I saw your feat on television. . . ." and then stand there speechless. Last week, newspaper ads for the Madison Square Garden Invitational, at which a dozen Olympic athletes will compete (but not the dispirited Fosbury) pictured him in midair with the caption, "See Olympic Champion Dick Fosbury Jump the 'Fosbury Flop.'" And now, too, there has arisen what is known as the Fosbury Phenomenon (or Fenomenon)—which may be summed up in two questions: "Will the Flop revolutionize high jumping?" and "Will it cause the cream of America's young manhood to break their necks?"

The answers are "Maybe" and "Probably not." As it happens, there are two other jumpers, both female—a German girl whose name Fosbury has forgotten and 15-year-old Debbie Brill of Vancouver—who lay claim to having Flopped independently, by going through the same process as Fosbury. An uncalculated but much greater number of young folks started jumping backward derivatively—after seeing Fosbury on TV. Some of these are impressionable boys whose parents are now writing Fosbury to complain that the Flop is ruining their furniture. Others are high school and lowly college jumpers, many of whom are, as they say in the self-improvement ads, getting dramatic results. Track coaches are divided in their opinions as to whether the style is revolutionary, but several are known to be working with unpolished boys whom it might transform. Wagner is instructing three fledgling OSU jumpers in the Flop and he has been accepting invitations to expound it at clinics. "You can teach it to a 5′ 6″ jumper, and in two weeks he will be going 5′ 10″," Wagner says. "Of course, it may just be a shortcut to mediocrity."

But the fact that Fosbury himself seems to possess no exceptional powers besides that of invention ("I have a discus thrower," says Wagner, "who can jump-reach higher than Dick") suggests that the style may be of general value. Undoubtedly, it exposes a minimum of the body to the bar at any one time. What you have crossing the bar, in fact, is an orderly progression of cross sections. "Man is bilaterally symmetrical," notes Wagner, "and with this style both arms and both legs are doing the same thing, and the body goes over in a straight line. It's simpler in the air." It is also more fluid in the pivot—Fosbury is able to run harder at the bar and decelerate less as he nears it than most jumpers. And it may be more powerful from the ground. "When gymnasts want to get real high at the end of a routine," Wagner points out, "they turn around and jump backward. It's possible that you get a fuller extension of the quadriceps [front thigh] muscle that way and a better use of the heel-and-toe flexion. It just may be that the human mechanism goes up more effectively backward."

But then there is the question of safety, which has led some observers to urge that the Flop be banned. In fact, a Dr. J. T. O'Hanlan of Wayneshoro, Va. has already written an anti-Flop article for

the *Virginia Medical Monthly*. The style is all right for Fosbury, says Dr. O'Hanlan, with the special "pits"—actually three-foot-high pads—he jumps into, but the average young jumper experimenting with the style is liable to suffer severe vertebral damage. A man who phoned Wagner recently put it more strongly. "Why don't you stop that kid?" he said. "He's going to kill my boy."

But Dr. O'Hanlan's thesis, though it is not to be dismissed lightly, rests on at least three false assumptions, aside from his impression that Fosbury's name is Bill. The first is that "most high jumpers . . . land on all four extremities." In fact, most of them often land on their backs, whatever style they use. Non-Floppers frequently appear, however, to land with more of a roll and less direct force. The second is that Fosbury falls on the back of his neck, flexing it sharply onto the chest. In fact, he lands flat on his back and shoulders. The third is that he is able to survive only because he comes down on "an expensive air-filled rubber bladder, peculiar to the Olympics." In fact, at Oregon State he lands on the school's homemade pad of foam rubber sewn up in canvas. Fosbury doesn't even like air-filled pits. "They go 'Baroomp!' all around you when you land," he says. In meets he comes down on the standard foam-rubber Port-A-Pit, used in the Olympics—and onto which pole vaulters fall on their backs from heights of 17 feet. The Port-A-Pit is too expensive for most schools, but Wagner says that, because of the danger of jumping any which way, every high school should be required to have some kind of foam pit. And any team, he says, can make its own with scrap foam for $300.

So the case for abolition is shaky, although the AMA's Committee on the Medical Aspects of Sports has taken a look at the Flop. But Wagner, Fosbury and everyone else agree that anybody who Flops into sawdust, shavings, mattresses or sand is foolhardy. In point of fact, Fosbury himself developed his style going into shavings. But one day, when he was 16, and experimenting with the proto-Flop, he awoke unable to get out of bed. He had spent the previous day cutting up logs for the county, which entailed a lot of bending over, but an examination revealed two compressed vertebrae—a condition that probably stemmed from jumping. The first doctor he saw told him he would never jump again. He went to another doctor, who said the damage was already done and wouldn't get worse. Fosbury went back to landing on those vertebrae, and they haven't bothered him since. He suffered his only other serious jumping injury in his fraternity house, when he was challenged to a chair-jumping contest. The challenger cleared the chair impressively. Says Fosbury, "I stood there and got all psyched up and started swinging my arms and I hit the chair with my hand and broke a bone in it. Then I cleared the back of the chair but landed in the seat. So I lost."

The Flop has also been criticized on grounds, more or less, of taste. "It was the spectacular nature of the 'back-side-first' jump that drew the attention of the TV audience to Fosbury, not his performance," scoffs Dr. Ernst Jokl, head of the Exercise Research Laboratories at the University of Kentucky, who observed the Olympics for UNESCO. "Let me quote St. Augustine. 'The public is an ass.'"

Oddly enough Fosbury, though he would not likely be concerned or impolite enough to put it so bluntly, might well go along with St. Augustine. He does like roaring crowds, because they psych him up, and so he doesn't mind that he is likely to be singled out even during warmup jumps and sometimes cheered when he misses. But Fosbury doesn't care for some of the more intimate aspects of celebrity. He skipped the traditional gold-medalist's press conference in Mexico City and wearies, understandably, of being asked over and over and over how he Flops. "I'm just not the kind of guy who wants people to come up out of the blue and start talking," he says. And he dislikes being plagued for autographs. "Whenever kids start flocking around, I really get up tight," he says. "I try to get out of there as fast as I can. I'm not that kind of guy."

He is the kind of guy, however, who catches people's fancy, even when he is standing stock-still on the ground. For one thing, he looks rather refreshingly unlike an athlete. (For the record, he is a fill-in hurdler at OSU, he sat on the bench as a high school basketball player and he gave up his career as a "really scrawny" high school defensive end—"just when I had made third string"—after receiving a concussion and losing three front teeth on the helmet of teammate Bill Enyart, who went on to become Earthquake Enyart at Oregon State.) If you were to encounter Fosbury throwing a paper route, even in his track suit, and you didn't know who he was, you wouldn't necessarily suspect he was being wasted. But at a track meet, walking about in huge (size 12½) white shoes, his black socks creeping down, his head thrust forward and his arms dangling, he is an inspiration to everyone who moves around a little funny but would still like to be athletic.

Another aspect of fame he relished was being on the Johnny Carson show. Fosbury slipped on the studio floor trying to demonstrate the Flop, so the bar was lowered to 5′ 9″, which he could have cleared classically. Nonetheless, he had a good time talking to Carol Burnett, jumping with Bill Cosby and Carson (who impressed him with his "remarkable condition" by Flopping four feet without a running approach) and seeing Raquel Welch up close.

But after mingling with the stars, Fosbury was glad to get back to Corvallis, Ore., almost half of whose population of 29,000 is the Oregon State student body and almost all of whose streets are either numbered or named after the Presidents up to Grover Cleveland. Thither he returned last weekend, after a final sub-par performance in Portland, to study Confucius and to let nature take its course. Since the Olympics he has cleared 6′ 10″ only once in six meets and two TV shows. He had four more meets scheduled for the next two weekends—for instance, he was to jump in New York Friday and in Los Angeles Saturday—but, as he said, "I was grinding myself down." Over the objections of Wagner, whom he told, "I'll do anything to stop jumping—I'll go sprain my ankle," he has become a temporary dropout. He plans to work out four times a week as usual—lifting weights for two hours Mondays and Wednesdays (he does half squats with 325 pounds), hopping stairs for two hours Tuesdays and Thursdays and doing some light running, basket shooting and watching other people shoot baskets. No jumping. "Every other jumper," he says, "has to keep working on his style, but I only jumped five or six times in practice all last year. I know exactly what I'm doing, even though I don't realize all the things I do." **END**

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**Rebel $2,484**[1]

# A SIMPLY DANDY SIBLING RIVALRY

Votes for the most valuable player in the West Coast Athletic Conference had already been cast late last season when Santa Clara, led by a fiercely competitive 6' 6" forward named Carlos (Bud) Ogden (*see cover*), met defending champion Pacific. In serious question for the Broncos was a place in the NCAA regional. Pacific was winning by seven points at halftime, but Ogden stubbornly battled for rebounds as if his whole life depended on them—and Santa Clara won. The MVP award went elsewhere, yet Ogden's play stuck in the mind of Pacific Coach Dick Edwards long afterward. "He came out and just *wasn't* going to let them lose," he said.

All the proof needed that Bud Ogden is back this season and still refusing to succumb is that last weekend, after nine weeks of upsets, injuries, misguided passes and missed shots, only two major-college basketball teams, both from California, remained undefeated—UCLA and the University of Santa Clara.

At Santa Clara, Ogden is not the whole show. His little brother Ralph, a 6' 5½" forward who banks in long, soft jump shots, and 6' 9" Center Dennis (The Tree) Awtrey, who leads the team in scoring and rebounding, join with him to form perhaps the finest Protestant front line any Jesuit institution ever had. Coach Dick Garibaldi also has four tough, smart guards of about equal ability. It is a defense-conscious team, strong and aggressive, with a minimum of the elbow-shy players Garibaldi calls "sweetie pies."

Not everybody has been dazzled by the Broncos' unbeaten season and high ranking (they have been third in the polls for several weeks, just ahead of twice-beaten Davidson). Suspicious Ronald Green consulted an NCAA guide and then wrote in his *Charlotte News* column, "Santa Clara stops in more unknown places than Santa Claus. There are five teams in North Carolina that could win 20 games with that schedule."

Proud people in Santa Clara County could make as light of Davidson's schedule, which shows only six out of 27 games on opponents' home floors, but it is true that Santa Clara stepped way down in class to swat such mosquitoes as UC Davis and Hayward State. Columbia, however, is no mosquito and its only loss this season was to the Broncos in the finals of the Rainbow Classic in Hawaii. "They're very sound," said Columbia Coach Jack Rohan. "Santa Clara jumped off to a 16–2 lead, but we started coming back and naturally the crowd was pulling for us. We caught them and went up by one point, but Santa Clara never lost its poise."

The Broncos won 64–58, their closest call, and despite a good defensive job on Bud by Columbia's Jim McMillian, he was named MVP.

"Bud is extremely valuable," said Rohan. "He's a good shooter, he drives, he's strong, tough. Another thing. He is almost like having a second coach on the floor."

Speculation on why Bud Ogden plays

with his special verve usually comes around to that old Psych I standby: the theory of sibling rivalry. In this case there probably is some validity to it. Bud, several classes ahead of Ralph at Lincoln High in San Jose, just south of Santa Clara, looked upon himself only as a 6′ 5″, 6′ 6″ guy who could muscle. He was surprised that 10 or 15 schools were interested in him. Then Ralph came along—when Bud was a freshman at Santa Clara. Where Bud had been double-teamed, Ralph sometimes got triple-teamed. The college offers poured in on him, just as they almost inundated a San Jose contemporary, Dennis Awtrey of Blackford High.

While Ralph and Awtrey tore up their competition, Bud was a frustrated would-be at Santa Clara. Just before his first freshman game, he got a bone chip in his left ankle and missed most of the season. Before his sophomore season he fell asleep at the wheel coming home from the beach, ran the car off the road and separated his left shoulder, requiring an operation. He sat out the year. He came back and had to play part of the next season in a mask after his nose was broken by a flying elbow. As a junior he leaped to block a shot and slashed his shooting hand (20 stitches' worth) on a jagged corner of the backboard.

**The Ogden boys, Bud and Ralph, rub each other the right way. When they aren't shooting baskets at home in San Jose with brother Fred, they play their game up the road at Santa Clara. It's quite a game** ***by JOE JARES***

Bud played and starred anyway, and while his desire to outdo Ralph is strong, nobody else had better fool around with his brother while Bud is around. Ralph got into a shoving match with a big, rugged forward last season in practice and before Garibaldi could break it up Bud had put two quick punches to the jaw of Ralph's antagonist.

Awtrey, who chose Santa Clara over UCLA and Duke, gives Garibaldi and his assistant, Carroll Williams, far less trouble than the hot-tempered Ogdens. In fact, he gives them no trouble at all. He is on an academic scholarship and made the Academic All-America last year. He allowed himself to be pushed and hacked as a sophomore, but now retaliates. He gets good position under the basket, muscles in for close shots, hits well from 10 or 15 feet and helps everybody else on defense. Santa Clara's stingy man-to-man defense is built around the idea that The Tree is always back there for rescue work.

The Broncos' defense involves a lot of pro-style jostling and is designed to force the opposition out of its regular patterns. Whatever route an opponent wants to take, with or without the ball, they try to make him detour. They do this so well, and score so well at the other end, that they are second only to UCLA in average margin of victory and one of the country's leaders in holding opposition scores down.

Awtrey has gained a great deal of confidence as a junior. Before the Houston game in the Cable Car Classic, Garibaldi told him, "I put you on the spot. I told everybody you're better than Ken Spain [Houston's 6′ 9″, 230-pound Olympian]." "I am," said Awtrey. Then he went out and outscored Spain 19-11.

*continued*

and outrebounded him 20-9. The Broncos won in a rout.

"Awtrey is a fine pro prospect," said Bob Feerick, general manager of the San Francisco Warriors and an ex-Bronco coach and player. "He doesn't look as tall as he is because he's so well built. He has the strength and the weight and the attitude to do almost anything. He has a good touch and can shoot outside. It is too early to compare him with the best post men in the pros, but it isn't too early to say he's a lot more basketball player than some people think.

"The guards are not pro potential. They play steady, heady ball. They don't make many mistakes. In a way it's good that there isn't a flashy pass-off man back there. The guards work hard and feed well to the front three. This is a super team. The Ogdens, in fact, are as good pro prospects as Awtrey."

Garibaldi, like Feerick, is a "super" man. That fellow is a "super guy," he will say, and that center is a "super player." Not a super player himself during his undergraduate days at Santa Clara, he probably picked up the habit from Feerick, who was his coach. Garibaldi was good, though. Twice he was assigned to guard Seattle's Elgin Baylor. "The first night I leaned on him pretty good," Garibaldi said, "and the second night he showed me how to play the game." More heroic was his basket against Wyoming that won the 1952 NCAA subregional in Corvallis, Ore. Friends gleefully remember the night his basketball shorts were completely ripped off during a well-attended game. He had to run to the bench for a towel and hurry on to the dressing room.

Dick Garibaldi was an extraordinary all-round athlete in Stockton, Calif.—a high school All-America quarterback as well as a pro baseball prospect—but Feerick charmed him into attending Santa Clara on a basketball grant. Garibaldi's brother Bob followed him to Santa Clara 10 years later as an even more versatile whiz, but signed a huge bonus contract with the San Francisco Giants after his sophomore year. He gave a $12,500 slice to the school.

Bob, who has had arm trouble, pitched well for the Giants' Phoenix farm club last season and now he is home in Stockton refereeing games and helping Papa Ernie Garibaldi in the produce business. Neither can wait until the Broncos come to Stockton later in the season to play bitter rival Pacific, the team with the best chance to beat Santa Clara out of the WCAC championship.

Dick stayed with Santa Clara after he got his degree and moved from assistant to head man when Feerick left in 1962. His teams were held back until last year by tough opposition from USF and Pacific, a series of injuries to key players, flunkouts and two sport stars who decided to imitate his brother and go pro. Now he has the makings of a big-time team, but he has not changed much personally. He usually declines to wear a necktie and he still shares a cubicle with Assistant Coach Williams in a crowded basement office that also houses Santa Clara's baseball coach, assistant football coach, athletic moderator and part-time sports publicist.

Front-line substitute Chris Dempsey, an excellent passer whose ample middle has earned him the nickname Wally Walrus, wanders in with his usual two bags of sunflower seeds and, like all the rest of the varsity players, calls his coach Dick. Guard Terry O'Brien is good-naturedly suspected of spiriting away a photograph from the desk, but probably it is just lost in the clutter. Every morning Garibaldi gathers up a gang to go upstairs in the Benson Memorial Center to the Bronco Corral for coffee with the gas station owner from down the street, whose son starred for Pacific but has been forgiven.

Once in a while Garibaldi and Williams (who went to San Jose State and was on the all-WCAC team with Bill Russell) will feel young again and stay after practice to play one-on-one. No sweetie pies, they will shove each other around, lose their tempers like a couple of Ogdens and then go get even more

AWTREY AND GARIBALDI HOLD A LAUGH-IN WITH A FRESHMAN

TRAINER HENRY SCHMIDT RESTS IN FRONT OF HIS PICTURE GALLERY

sweaty in a steambath crowded with students and priests.

Garibaldi and Williams feel they are blessed with a vice-president-in-charge-of-inspirational-signs, Trainer Henry Schmidt, who has been taping ankles at Santa Clara and building up his museum of photographs for 42 years. The Broncos' 17 straight wins this season have inspired Schmitty to such heights — or depths—that the locker room is practically wallpapered with his timeworn slogans.

There are only about 2,900 students on the coeducational Santa Clara campus and the atmosphere is California casual: blue jeans, SC jackets (despite the fact that there happens to be another SC in the state) and even a few Berkeley beards. There are olive trees, palm trees and red-tiled roofs, and the buildings are a nice combination of modern comfort and Spanish flavor. Santa Clara claims to be the oldest university in California (founded 1851). Pacific—*that* place crops up again—makes the same claim. However, Pacific has no Spanish mission on its grounds. Santa Clara does, although its version is not an original, or even a replica. The first mission was built in 1777 and flooded twice in the first three years. A replacement was completed in 1784, another in 1822, still another in 1850 and yet another in the 1920s.

Garibaldi sometimes wishes the padres would get around instead to replacing the Broncos' home arena, San Jose Civic Auditorium, a WPA project that seats 2,500. The score there must be given over the public-address system every minute because the fans sitting on the stage cannot see the scoreboard. With the lighting in the place it is a wonder *anybody* can see the scoreboard.

A committee is now at work on plans for an arena-convention center to serve the entire booming county, full of towns you never heard of: Los Altos, Los Gatos, Milpitas. The arena would be a step up into the big time, or at least the big money, for Santa Clara, which has not seen too much spare cash since the football team beat Bear Bryant's Kentucky Wildcats in the Orange Bowl 19 years ago. It would be a big boost to Garibaldi's recruiting, too.

Santa Clara seldom attracts players from faraway basketball hotbeds—no human kangaroos from the playgrounds

*continued*

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of Phtladelphia, no ball-handling wizards from Pekin, Ill. A few years ago a coaches' convention was in Washington, D.C., and Garibaldi figured it was his big chance to go prospecting in New York City, one of the world's important exporters of unconditionally guaranteed All-America candidates. He set up an appointment with a metropolitan hotshot and anxiously left Washington for New York. The kid stood him up.

The Broncos do not do well even in Los Angeles. Their entire starting lineup is from San Francisco or San Jose and only one man on the squad is from out of state. The Ogden brothers can walk to the campus from their parents' home in about 10 minutes.

That modest house on Walnut Grove Avenue has a hoop and backboard nailed up over the garage door and a strip of wood set in the concrete for a free throw line. Here, Bud and Ralph, born 13 months apart, grew up playing a long series of lawless one-on-one games that usually ended with Bud chasing Ralph into the house or throwing him over a hedge. Occasionally their dad, Carlos Sr., would join in, and whenever one of the sons tried to take advantage of the other, Pop would bounce him off the garage door, which luckily had a little give. "There used to be blood on the driveway sometimes," says Carlos.

The elder Ogden was not an exceptional athlete in high school and college in Illinois. He made his competitive mark in World War II, going in as a private, coming out as a major and winning the Congressional Medal of Honor for heroism in action near Fort du Roule, France in 1944. His company was pinned down by fire from a German 88-mm gun and two machine guns, and that was not too conducive to survival, much less taking the offensive.

"Arming himself with a M1 rifle, a grenade launcher, and a number of rifle and hand grenades," says the official citation, "he left his company in position and advanced alone, under fire, up the slope toward the enemy emplacements. Struck on the head and knocked down by a glancing machinegun bullet, Lieutenant Ogden, in spite of his painful wound and enemy fire from close range, continued up the hill. Reaching a vantage point, he silenced the 88-mm gun with a well-placed rifle grenade and then with hand grenades, knocked out the

*continued*

*"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"*

# Can Head & Shoulders stop dandruff?

# Can Wilt Chamberlain stuff?

In the past aight saasons, "Tha Stilt" has stuffed it, swished it, dunked it and hit for a record total of 23,332 points. Ha's toppled long-standing marks right and left, coming up with most points per singla gama (100); most points in one season (4,029 in '61-'62), and rebounds per gama (55).

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two machineguns, again being painfully wounded. . . ."

Carlos Sr., now director of Selective Service for California, coached his sons for 12 years in Little League, Pony League and American Legion baseball (seven boys he coached signed pro contracts) and he even cleared out some walnut trees in the backyard for more informal ball games.

"I can remember him coming up face to face with the umpire in Little League," said Ralph, "and he'd get so mad he'd jump up and down, while Mom hid under the stands."

He was a scoutmaster for five years (both Bud and Ralph were Eagle Scouts) and was given the Scouts' Silver Beaver Award for outstanding work with boys. There are two other Ogden brothers, Jim, who was a fine junior college water polo player, and Fred, playing high school basketball now.

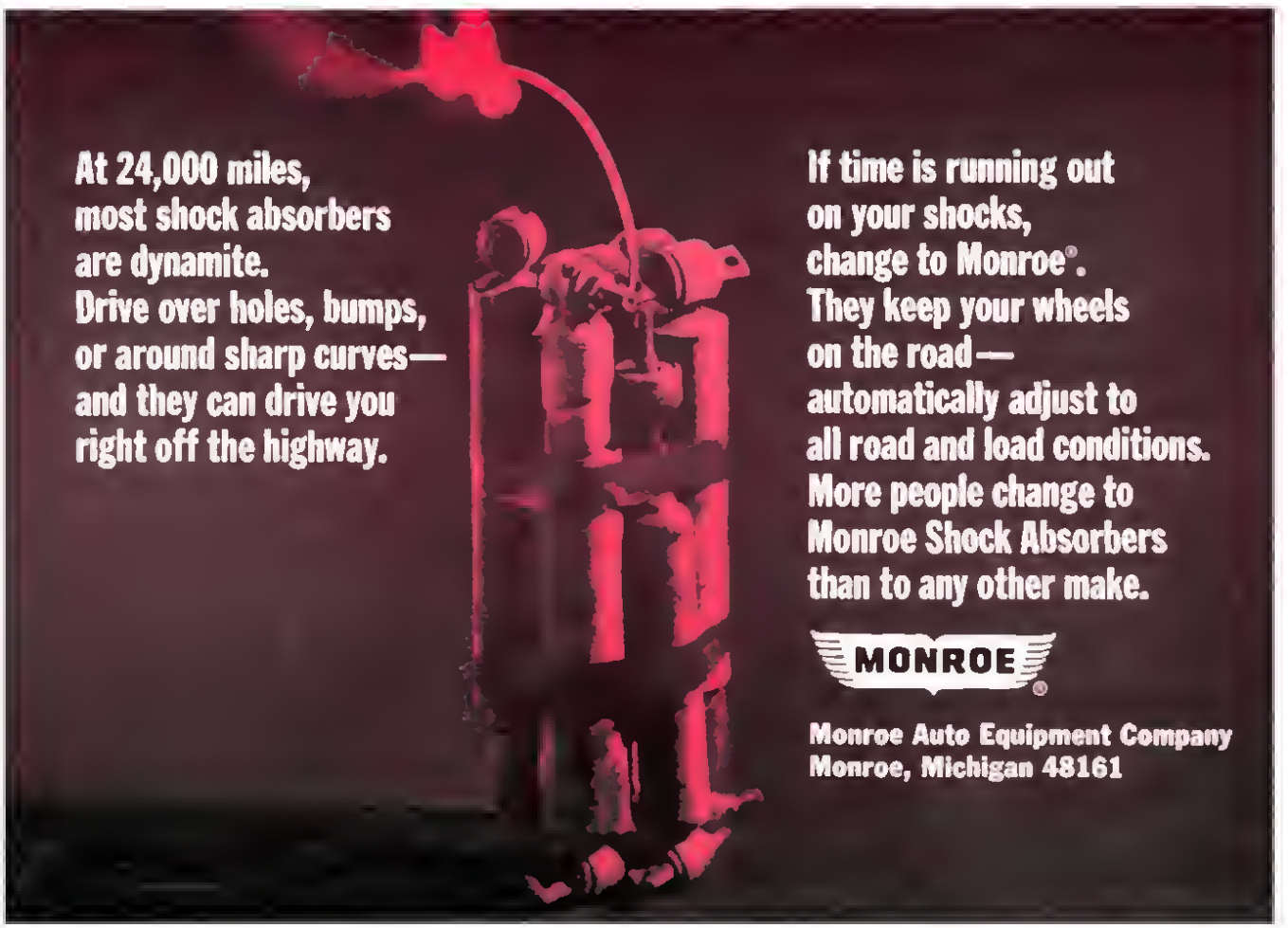
"These boys are going to have a hard time following the dad act," said Mrs. Ogden, "because he's been an exceptional father."

The choicest entries in the large scrapbooks Carlos keeps for each of his sons would be clippings from an upset win over UCLA, with which Santa Clara seems to be on a collision course. The two teams met in the regional finals at Albuquerque last year and UCLA won by 21 points. One of Garibaldi's stratagems that night was to send Lew Alcindor to the foul line, figuring the New York giant was not much of a free-throw shooter. Alcindor got banged around plenty, but he put in the foul shots with the regularity of a computer.

A rematch this year could be interesting, at least for a while. Neither team rattles easily, and the board war, Ogden, Ogden and Awtrey vs Curtis Rowe, Sidney Wicks and Alcindor, might register eight on the Richter earthquake scale. Awtrey is a veteran now, but Alcindor has improved, too, especially at making the quick outlet pass to start the fast break. The Bruins have much better reserves, which would have to show up in the second half, and they have played a tougher schedule. Still, the Jets beat the Colts, right?

Garibaldi and his players dismiss this kind of talk as premature. They insist they are thinking only of the remaining league games. However, most of their fans have already mentally traveled to Stockton and carved up Pacific, smashed the first opponent in the NCAA West Regional (perhaps Weber State or New Mexico State) and confidently marched the Broncos into the championship game.

Unhappily for Santa Clara, that confrontation of unbeatens (if everything goes as dreamed) will be in UCLA's Pauley Pavilion, where the Bruins have won 47 straight games in four years. Playing Alcindor and his teammates on their own floor is less dangerous than climbing uphill in the face of enemy machine guns, but not much. END



# GEYSERS AND GONDOLAS REMAKE NEW ENGLAND

*"God did not bless New England with mountains," says Sepp Ruschp of Stowe, Vt. What God did not provide, Yankee ingenuity is substituting—like the world's largest snow-making machine, shown here spewing its powder cover over 80% of Big Bromley, Vt. The diehards who ski New England—850,000 of them—no longer have as a theme, "I love thy rocks and rills, glare ice and liftline chills." Trails that once were goat paths, narrow as sidewalks, are now as carefully graded, seeded, hayed and raked as the Augusta National. New gondolas warm the ride to the top, and heated pools steam away at the bottom, beaconing havens from frostbite.*

CONTINUED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARVIN E. NEWMAN

**WATERVILLE VALLEY,** *New Hampshire's fine new area run by ex-Olympic Racer Tommy Corcoran, has best junior race program in the East. At left, Corcoran collects a flock of future Olympians for an after-school session of slalom training. Waterville is the site of this year's World Cup finale.*

**SUGARLOAF** *is Maine's best. At its base there is a 15-km cross-country course for the Colby College Nordic team, shown here in action. A 9,000-foot gondola takes skiers to above-timberline snowfields—a rarity in New England—and to the maze of trails etched on the mountain in the background.*

**LOON MOUNTAIN,** *N.H. was built by Sherman Adams. Loon has steep trails for the expert, a gondola for everybody's comfort and one of the newest innovations in skiing —video tape recording. Jon Putnam, area director, monitoring the system, says, "It makes students believe you—at last."*

CONTINUED

**BOLTON VALLEY** *breaks the Vermont mold of imitation cuckoo-clock ski architecture. Still building, but already in use, this year-round sports complex features such imaginative condominiums as these built by Peter Gluck.*

**MT. SNOW** *has to be experienced to be believed. It is Vermont's busiest area, and only the Japanese can go Developer Walt Schoenknecht better on remaking a landscape. Pools steam, geysers spurt, and everybody has a ball.*

**STOWE IS STOWE** *because Sepp Ruschp has spent 32 years making it the best ski resort in New England. His pride is a new mountain, the Chin, and anybody who has frozen on Stowe's chairs will bless him for his new gondola.*

# URUGUAY SAYS OLÉ TO CARS OF YESTERDAY

**Old automobiles never die in car-conserving Uruguay—they just get a transplant and go on living. In a land where new cars are rare and aged ones exalted, any part can be re-created** ***by BILL FORBIS***

Among the 4,500 Model A Fords that to this day throb in geriatric contentment along the streets and roads of the little car-conserving South American country of Uruguay, there is one in Montevideo that is a particularly fine autumnal beauty. A lean and modest open touring car, it has been refinished in the gleaming maroon that it was born with 39 years ago in Detroit, but, barring tires, all its parts are original, even the unblemished chrome radiator. It was thus a pity, one day lately, when a freak accident crumpled the shell of one of the headlights. After a moment's distress, though, the owner perked up and set out to scavenge an identical headlight from one of the city's auto junkyards. He failed to reckon the full measure of Uruguay's claim to fame as the world's leading border-to-border museum of living, breathing antique cars. "A 1930 Ford A!" exclaimed the junkman. "We haven't had any cars that new brought in here yet!"

To be a car in Uruguay is to be in line for automotive immortality. Though there are no official statistics, a good guess would be that the median age of the auto population of 131,400 is 20 years. That includes plenty of fairly new cars, of course, but it also means that many thousands of automobiles that would be scrap iron anywhere else are necessary transportation in Uruguay. The cars-for-sale classified ads in the newspaper *El Dia* read to an American something like the antique and classic ads in the Sunday *New York Times*, although to Uruguayans the listed machines are vehicles very much in normal use: "Rugby '27 4-cyl., Kaiser '51, radio and heater; Studebaker '50, overdrive; Ford '37 Tudor; Jowett '42, unique cond.; Vauxhall '48, Willys '31, hydr. brakes," and so on for columns.

The reason the 2.7 million Uruguayans have their old cars is, predictably, governmental. The official position is that car owning is a sumptuary sin. Back of this attitude is a real economic peril: since Uruguay's earnings abroad from exported beef and wool total a slim $200 million a year, very little can be spent to bring in cars.

To hold down car imports the government piles on restrictions: excise taxes, customs duties, luxury taxes, superchargers—in all, 25 added costs. "A Chevrolet landed here costs $3,000, the government adds $9,000 and it is sold for $12,000," says Washington Peixoto, a Montevideo dealer. For months at a time the supply of foreign exchange to buy cars is cut off entirely. As a further discouragement registration and license plates cost as much as $250 a year for a luxury car. By these means the government both drastically holds down car imports and gets much-needed revenue from those that do come in. Apart from cars assembled at the rate of 2,000 a year from kits supplied by manufacturers plus Uruguayan tires, glass and upholstery, the country makes no automobiles.

Prices of cars, kicked up at the start by taxes and duties and kept there by the need to treasure everything on wheels, are naturally stratospheric. "Cars here cost more than houses. I recently sold a Mercedes-Benz for $35,000," says Peixoto. A new Volkswagen bug sells for $10,500, a '55 Rover for $5,000, a '34 Ford convertible for $1,800. Owner Vicente de Matteo is perfectly confident that he could get $350 for his ramshackle '23 Ford Model T with homemade body.

Often enough, though, the price of old cars as transportation in Uruguay is less than the price of the same car as a classic in the U.S. It is tempting to fantasize some stunning swap—perhaps a thousand well-kept, pre-1930 Whippets, Essexes and Hupmobiles, vendible in the American antique car market, for the same number of Mustangs, Camaros and Barracudas, picked up in American used-car lots, which Uruguayans would slobber after. But for some incomprehensible reason, Uruguay makes exporting cars as difficult as importing them. Besides, not every Uruguayan oldie is a classic. Dealer Peixoto has a '52 Cadillac that he will not sell for less than $3,500, although when he was in Miami recently he saw the same thing in a used-car lot going for $50.

The extraordinary economics of the automobile in Uruguay turns every stroll through the streets of Montevideo into an experience approximately as rewarding as visiting the Museo dell'Automobile in Milan. Each block yields its prize: here an old Durant, there an aged Dodge, next an air-cooled Franklin with a wooden chassis, or a Ford Model B, a choice two-tone '30 Citroën, a Willys-Knight, a '38 four-door Buick convertible, a mid-'20s DeSoto, a Flint with a hackseat heater, a Bradford, an Isuzu, a Hansa. A gallant recent sight was a '28 Essex towing an ailing '66 Falcon.

One Montevideo car-parts maker estimates that makes and models multiply out at around 200 easily distinguishable types, while a catalog-minded parts dealer figures that small year-to-year changes build the total of varieties up to 2,200. This spread obviously includes cars from everywhere. French Renaults and Peugeots, Japanese Datsuns and Toyotas, British Hillmans and Austins, German Taunuses and D K W.s, Italian Fiats and Alfa Romeos, even Czechoslovakian Skodas and a Russian Volga.

But the majority are North American. Experts estimate that there are 1,000 Whippets, made in the '20s by Willys-Overland Ltd. of Toronto, still on the road in Uruguay, as well as 1,500 Model Ts and 2,000 four-cylinder Chevrolets. The commonest antique by far, though, is the '28-'31 Model A—two- and four-

*continued*

**DOWNTOWN MONTEVIDEO** is a showcase of cars that range from old to antique. At top left, a 1927 Model T Ford waits at curbside to make its next delivery run as a make-do panel truck. The 1928 Isotta-Fraschini is Lawyer Hector Gerona Arañcho's everyday transportation.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR

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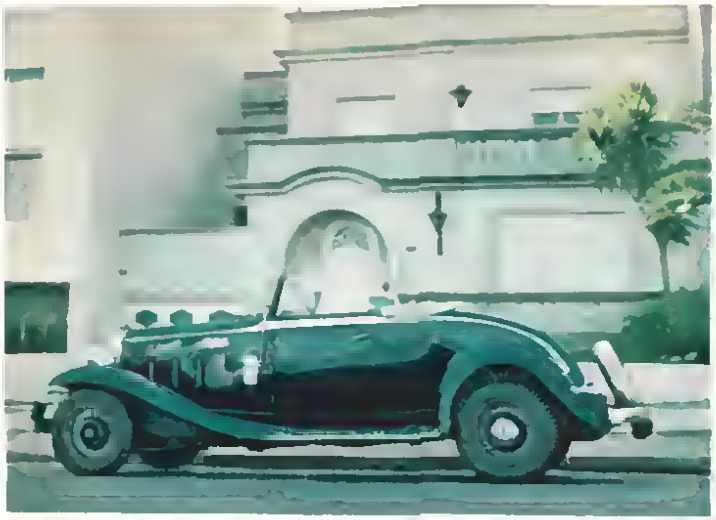

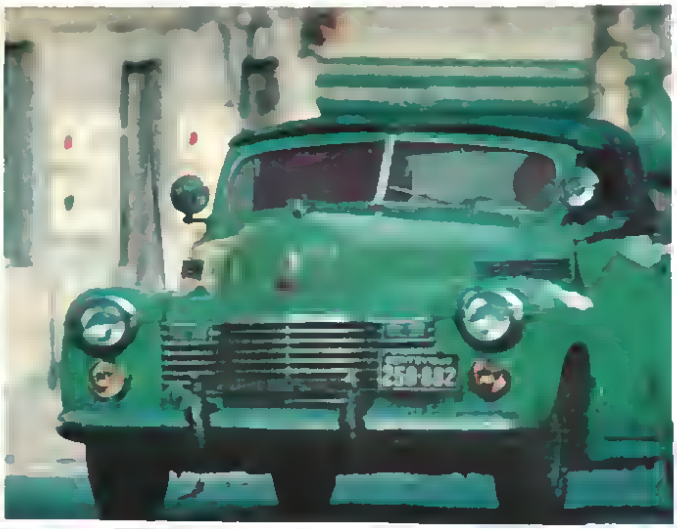

MONTEVIDEO
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door sedans, coupes with rumble seats or touring cars with isinglass side curtains. Because Uruguay drove to the left, English style, until 1945, most of the old cars have right-hand drive.

Far from resenting the enforced anachronism of ancient wheels, most Uruguayan motorists cherish their venerable vehicles. "Between this car and a new one, I'll keep this one," says Pedro Granero, owner of a handsome '30 Graham-Paige with a ram's head radiator ornament. The engine, rebored and repistoned four years ago, starts at a touch and sounds like a gurgling brook. José Carlos Souto, owner of a big, brutish '29 Cord brought to Uruguay by the late President Gabriel Terra, proposes to drive it to the U.S. as soon as a local machine shop hand-fabricates a new universal joint for its front-wheel drive. The dashboard has gauges for water temperature, oil pressure, oil level, gasoline supply and amperage, and controls for spark advance, hand throttle, carburetor-heat and lights. Adjusting spark and throttle, Souto proudly brings to thunderous life the immense eight-in-line engine—"built by Lycoming" says its brass plate.

Isabel Ruiz de Aguila uses a '27 Model T truck to run a delivery service under the firm name Bati-Flet, meaning, roughly, Batman Freight. "If you take a picture you'll fracture the engine block," she jokes. "The motor runs fine, even on kerosene, and starts with a mere touch of the crank." As with most Uruguayan Model Ts, a conventional modern ignition system replaces the original four wood-cased spark coils, much misused by practical jokers four decades ago to create 10,000 volts of electricity for wiring toilets and beds.

Car dealer Peixoto employs a '31 Packard to travel to his nearby ranch. This car, which has oak-framed doors that close with an elegant boardroom thunk, has been preserved intact right down to the tires that were on it when it was imported from New York the year it was made. Its suspension is rougher than it ought to be, given its pachydermic weight: 4,620 pounds. But it makes up for that in swanky touches such as a cigarette lighter with a reel-in cord long enough to reach the passengers in the back seat, who seem to be about a quarter of a mile behind the driver.

A perfect car, in the collector's sense of having all original parts and paint even though it is just transportation to its present owner, is the '29 Chevrolet Double Phaeton open touring car owned by Antonio Vila. It was among the first of the Chevy Sixes, the basic engine used by Chevrolet until 1948, and can still do 130 kilometers an hour (80 mph). "But if you go faster than 90 kilometers the fabric top whips up and down too much," says Vila's son Alberto. Another Montevideo motorist, Lawyer Hector Gerona Araúcho, having concluded that his '25 Rolls-Royce was simply too old to put up with, shifted to a '28 Isotta-Fraschini valued at $7,000 which he drives to work every day. Its straight-eight engine has twin carbs and a cast-iron fan, and the car can top 90 mph. "I hate new cars—I think that until 1930 they can be called cars and after that only vehicles," says Gerona.

Cars like Peixoto's Packard and Gerona's Isotta-Fraschini are, of course, recognized as classics in Uruguay although in daily use, and there is a certain amount of hobbyism even with cars not quite so grand. Rich parents buy their kids Ford As, or old Erskines as playthings for vacations in that fabulous resort, Punta del Este. Andrés Razzetti, 76, a car-loving mechanic with a white handlebar mustache that matches his nostalgic temperament, makes a hobby of owning five classic cars, largely bequeathed to him because he tended them in their youth.

One is an air-cooled Franklin, shipped from San Francisco in 1925 and still wearing its AAA emblem. The only replacement parts it ever needed were piston rings and exhaust valves. "It runs exactly like it used to—exactly, exactly, exactly," says Razzetti. A year older is his 5,280-pound Isotta-Fraschini, which has gone only 11,000 miles in 44 years and still has the tires and sparkplugs of its nativity. The stenciled boards of the case it came in form a floor in Razzetti's garage. He also has the first Dodge to reach Uruguay, a 1916 touring car, plus a ballroom-size 1913 Renault saloon with a five-spoke steering wheel and an 1897 one-cylinder De Dion Bouton, which was preserved by somehow having got buried in a vineyard.

Like the diamond in the De Beers ad, a car is forever in Uruguay. The motoring public accepts the proposition that there is no reason why an auto should ever stop running. All it takes, says Hector Paseggi, manager of a leading garage, is care and "money power."

Part of the care is inadvertent. Uruguay measures only 506 miles the longest way and with undistinguished roads, particularly back in the adolescence of what are now old cars, it has never offered scope for engine-wearing high speeds and long trips. The tranquil middle classes do their driving on Sundays, taking the bus to work. The old cars themselves, with real ammeters and oil-pressure gauges, make keeping track of the car's health simpler than with those modern shortcuts, warning lights.

Oldtime quality shows in other ways too. "A Model T front-wheel bearing will easily run for 40 years without wearing out," says a Montevideo junkyard operator. Also going for long life is conscious care. Uruguayans handle their Hudsons and Panhards like specimens of rare old T'ang Dynasty pottery. "Mentally and technically we work by the standards of before World War II," says Emanuel Regusci, automotive writer for the newspaper *El Pais*. "We keep cars in garages, we button the side curtains, we watch the water, we put in new sparkplugs and we change the oil every 1,500 kilometers." Car salesman Roberto Calafi finds cars from the late '30s that have never had the cylinder head off and others that have gone 200,000 miles with only a ring and valve job.

Not that car care is perfect in Uruguay. The driving style includes flagrant tailgating, backing into busy streets and crossing the center line as a matter of course. Only light traffic saves many museum-quality antiques from collisions. A multiple crash in Montevideo can easily wipe out $30,000 worth of cars. Moreover, the country has its share of *cachilas*, Uruguayan slang for jalopies. Many seem to suffer some kind of mechanical leprosy, dropping parts as they go and oxidizing into indefinite outlines.

Even with care, parts do break or wear out, and when that happens the Montevideo mechanic is likely to call on car-parts row, Cerro Largo Street. The bigger stores there take as their ideal nothing less than warehousing at least one of every part for every model made

**A SPARKLING MODEL T** dates from around 1920, though its parts are a mixture of ages. The Packard (*top left*) can be seen daily speeding along Montevideo's waterfront boulevard. The other brute is a 1941 Cadillac—repainted and showing signs of age but still rolling strong.

*continued*

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Marinate button mushrooms in vermouth and use the perfect martini gin, of course.

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by every prominent car manufacturer throughout the world in the last 40 years. Salvador Livio Importers, one of the biggest dealers, has six floors containing 87,000 kinds of parts and the store tries to supply the needs of even the 16 one-of-a-kind cars in Uruguay, the 25 cases of two or three of a kind and the 50 cases of four or five. Livio's people are full of esoteric knowledge, *e.g.*, that '25-'29 Chevy hack-axles snap with notorious ease but can be replaced by the Scheid machine works in Germany. Or that Hillman used to change the dimensions of headlight shells by distressingly small but critical amounts from year to year. Or that many Chrysler parts will work in a Graham-Paige.

Customs and taxes on parts are less than on cars but still reach 36% of sales prices, which spurs lively smuggling from the factories of Brazil and Argentina. This clandestine competition angers Rubén Livio, son of the firm's founder, but it has its comic possibilities. Do the smugglers, one wonders, drift up to motorists, snap open their coats and hiss, "Wanta buy a feelthy connecting rod?"

Short of a shiny part in Livio's, a clever mechanic may find what he wants in local junkyards. These are nothing like the pop-art piles of metal that disfigure the U.S. countryside. Instead the Uruguayan scrappers receive the remains of total wrecks plus debris from garages, sort out and save the one-tenth that is possibly reusable and resell the nine-tenths that is strictly for melting down.

One of the biggest car junkyards is La Universal Used Parts for Cars, a fine, esthetic garden of rust. Methodically divided up by Owner Salamon Rubinovich, it has here a hillock of fenders, next a butte of brake drums, there a mountain of wheels. The bed of old Model T planetary transmissions flaunts pedals as petals, upended axle housings look like a field of iron toadstools. The yard has heaps of oil pans and running boards, arbors of leaf springs and front-end assemblies. In the shed are carburetors, pistons, transmission gears, bearings. "It's not a fast-turnover business," remarks the sad-faced Rubinovich in wild understatement. For finders of found art the place is perfect.

The desperate parts hunter in Uruguay can also get what he needs by having it made. The firm of Sarasola y Nuñez, for example, will undertake anything in the gear line. Someone lately brought in a '33 Pontiac camshaft with the distributor driving gear worn down to a barely visible spiral. Sarasola ground it off clean, welded on two steel half cylinders, cut helical teeth in the blank thus formed and gave the car hopes for another 36 years of life. "You have to be ingenious here," says Owner Hector Gervasio Sarasola. On his lathes, gear cutters and reamers he undertakes to make parts for all common cars plus Adlers, Bedfords, Singers and Fordson tractors. "Take those old mustache Fords," he says, meaning Model Ts, whose spark and throttle levers make the wheel look like a mustached face. "We make differential crowns and pinions for them in runs of 200 at a time."

The basic trick in keeping an engine running into eternity is reboring the cylinders and fitting new pistons—followed when the cylinder walls get too thin from several reborings by insertion of new sleeves (which in Spanish translates as *camisas*, shirts) to restore the cylinder to original size. This takes lots of pistons, regular and oversize, and in Uruguay they are supplied by the most specialized branch factory of the great German piston-making firm Mahle KG. "We make pistons like a tailor makes a suit," says Bernardo Heiduk, the factory manager. His hand-ladle foundry and machine shop turns out no fewer than 250 kinds of pistons in runs of 120 to 150.

Tires come from a firm called FUNSA (Fábrica Uruguaya de Neumáticos, S.A.), which makes virtually every known size. Body work is almost invariably done by welding in heavy new sheet metal. Uruguayans regard epoxy fixes as quickie expedients unlikely to hold up for even 20 years. And when worst comes to worst, a parts-hungry Uruguayan driver can always appeal to the local Sunday morning thieves' market. The owner of a '60 Simca, missing a hubcap, drove out there recently and sought out the specialist who deals in those disks. Don't have any, the fellow said, but could probably get one in half an hour. The owner killed time browsing in other parts of the market. When he came back the specialist had skillfully located the needed hubcap and they made a deal. Congratulating himself on his purchasing savvy, the driver returned to his car to find that all the other hubcaps had been pilfered—by his friendly '60 Simca specialist, of course. **END**

John Havlicek, Boston Celtics

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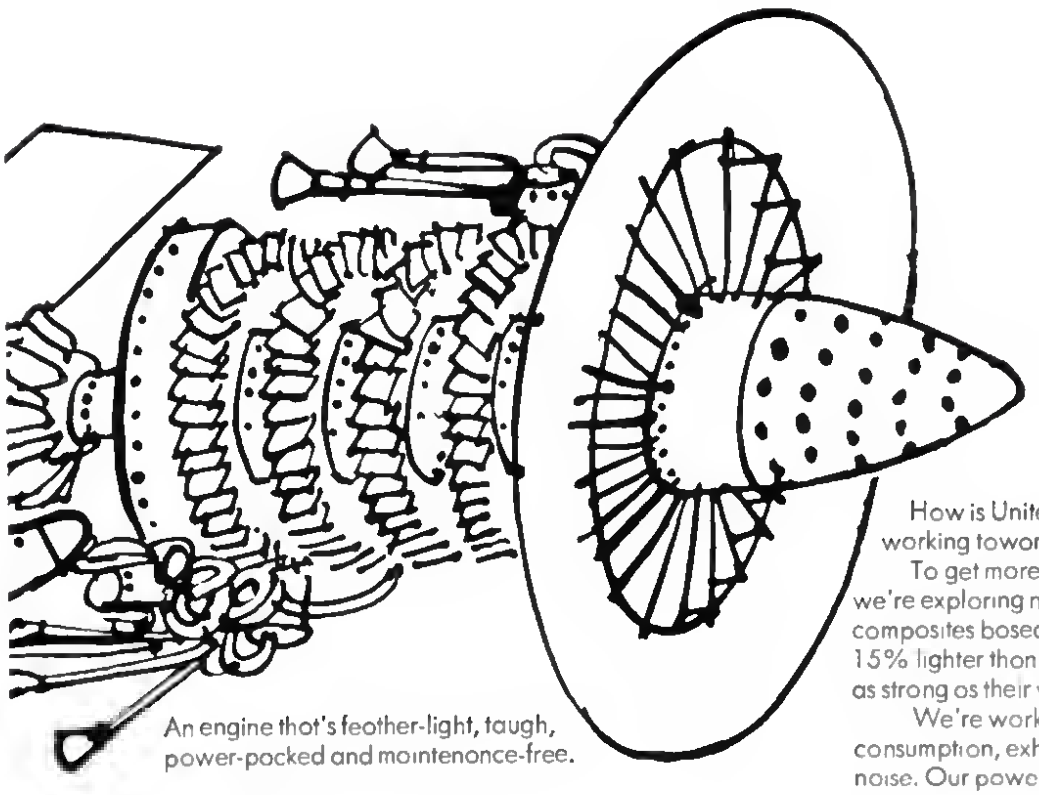

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GOLF / *Pat Ryan*

# *Gundy's victory was no fluke*

**Amateur JoAnne Carner may be the world's best woman golfer, as she demonstrated when she beat the pros in the $35,000 Burdine's Invitational**

Down on the east coast of Florida, where she has been catching sea trout by the pailful and the mackerel have been snapping at her line, may be the best woman golfer in the world. Her name is JoAnne Carner, which does not mean a lot until you insert another name —Gunderson—and then it has a familiar ring. She is blonde, 29 and, as her husband puts it with some pride, a bit thick around the middle like a golfer ought to be. For the Carners, winter is idling time, a trailer parked along a beach, surf-casting rods baited with sand fleas, and cold beer while waiting for the pompano. It is an occasional round of golf, and for JoAnne an occasional tournament. But the golf trophies, like the fish, have been running larger all the time. Three weeks ago JoAnne Gunderson Carner won all the silverware that had been engraved for the pros at the Burdine's Invitational in Miami, the richest event in ladies' professional golf. "We consider JoAnne one of us," said Lenny Wirtz, the tour director, after the victory. She is their peer on a golf course, but otherwise she stands apart—superbly talented yet content to spend her life at home.

Home, from late March until December, is an apartment over a pro shop on a 4,000-yard par-60 public course that the Carners have built in Seekonk, Mass. Home is working from 6 a.m. until the lights go out on the fairways at 11 p.m., herding around 300 golfers a day. It is, for JoAnne, selling golf balls, ringing up greens fees on the cash register and serving coffee and hot dogs in the snack bar. She plays only 10 to 12 rounds of golf in a summer, except for three weeks, when she enters the Rhode Island Amateur, Eastern Amateur and finally the National Amateur, which she has won five times. "I don't think she really practices for a tournament like the National Amateur," says Anne Quast Welts, a longtime golfing rival and the woman JoAnne defeated in the Amateur final last August. "You never know how she is going to do in the qualifying. But if she gets past the first round, look out."

Even if she had the time, it is doubtful that JoAnne would practice much more than she did before the recent Burdine's tournament, where she hit three buckets of balls and played one practice round on the Country Club of Miami course. "I only look at a course once before a tournament," she says. "Otherwise I might find out where all the trouble is. At Miami I was paired with Kathy Whitworth on the second day and she hit a ball on the 7th hole into the water. I never knew the pond was there."

The Carner philosophy is pure amateur: that golf should be fun and the minute it raises serious sweat or hackles is the moment to quit. But this in no way lessens her penchant for head-to-head combat. She relishes outdriving a rival and watching the psychological damage eat away at an opponent's game. She has an exuberant attitude toward golf—taking Palmer-like pleasure in the opportunity to try the impossible shot. "I guess the thing I enjoy most is hitting out of sand traps," she says. "You get so much variety in the sand and so much satisfaction. There's nothing more fun." JoAnne is a rare combination—a sound strategist and yet a compulsive gambler. She pointed out the window of a Florida clubhouse recently and explained her game. "You see that first hole, a dogleg left? You should play a driver down the fairway and a three-wood to the green, but I always aim right for those palms in the dogleg and that golf cart road. You can get a great bounce off the pavement, and usually I'm lucky, the ball bounces the right way. From there it's a five-iron to the green. In match play you can be much more aggressive than in stroke play. You can gamble and hit through woods and traps. I play against *people* and I watch them closely. Golfers' hands and feet show their emotions. You see them tense up and you make the most of the opportunity—a big drive perhaps. At other times you see them grow confident and then you don't gamble. You play position golf, straight down the fairway. You must know when to put the pressure on."

There could be no finer example of the Carner smart-but-happy-amateur technique than that displayed in the Burdine's tournament, where she confounded the pros. Her strategy was finely calculated and it paid off a few old debts. She has considered the professionals fair game ever since they used their wiles on her when she was 19 and doing all too well in the Seattle Open. The famous names began to give her wonderfully solicitous "advice" about her short game. "I remember on the second day of the tournament I was tied for second and there were all these helpers on the practice tee. I hadn't been born yesterday—I'd played public links golf since I was 10, and maybe 20 of us kids would play three holes together. We'd try just about anything to throw someone off. It was a good school."

It was at this first LPGA tournament that she decided professional golf was not for her, a view she has never changed. She finished second at Seattle and her record in LPGA tournaments (one win, two seconds in six starts) reflects what Mickey Wright calls JoAnne's coolness. Only Mickey pronounces it cooooooool-ness, just to let you know she isn't kidding. "I've never been more impressed with anyone, amateur or pro," Mickey says. "I think JoAnne is as good as any. She has that combination of confidence and competence. That is what makes a champion."

When JoAnne arrived in Miami for the Burdine's, she started her campaign by telling Tournament Director Jack Penrose that she was "playing so good it scares me." Later she met two men professionals she knew on the clubhouse lawn and passed the same word. "Actually, I was playing good but not great golf," she says now. "I just thought I would psych the pros a bit. On the practice tee the first morning Sandy Post greeted me with 'JoAnne, I hear you are playing *super* golf.' Maybe I shouldn't have done it, but it was kind of fun. That first day I wanted to shoot par and get set. I had not played competitive golf in five months and I want-

ed to keep my confidence up. I got my par 73, but Peggy Wilson was running away with the tournament. She was playing really well, but I decided she could not continue knocking in putts like she was. I looked at the four players tied for second and thought Carol Mann was the one to beat. The second day I wanted to shoot in the 60s but I came in with another 73, three-putting the 17th and 18th. I figured that blew everything, since it was a 54-hole tournament. But I looked at the scoreboard, and Mann had shot a 77. In fact, I was just one stroke out of the lead. In the final round I played with Peggy Wilson who had hurt her eye. I could see she was afraid of hitting out of sand in case it flew up into the eye, and I figured she would have a bad round."

At the 5th hole JoAnne learned that Shirley Engelhorn had taken a two-shot lead. In 1963 Shirley had defeated JoAnne by two strokes in the Lady Carling Open when JoAnne shanked a ball out of bounds on the 16th. "I don't forget things like that," she said later. The gallery was cheering for JoAnne and shouting over her 250-yard drives. Excited by their enthusiasm, she sent her tee shots farther and farther. Her short backswing, pronounced hesitation at the top, smooth downswing and powerful follow-through are the trademark of her game and pleasant to behold.

"It was the first time in many years I was the underdog," she says, "and I was enjoying it. I'm such a ham."

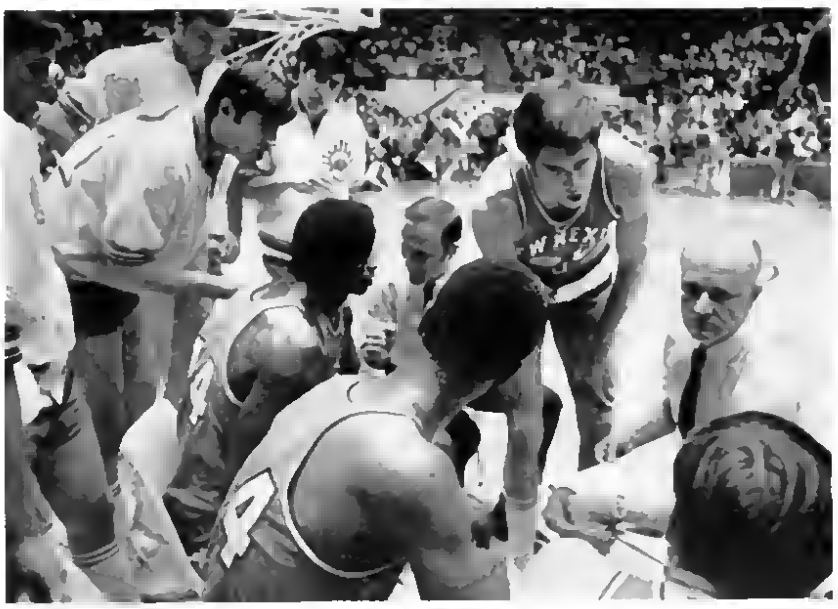
By the 16th hole JoAnne had a not so soft and gentle two-stroke lead, and on the 18th she could even permit herself an exuberant three putts from four feet and still win. Ironically, what JoAnne is proudest of these days is her putting. "I used to have birdie putts from three feet constantly and never touch the hole all day," she says. "If it was a par putt I usually sank it, but no birdies. I decided to do something about it. I'm reaching the age when I'm going to lose my game a little and the salvation is going to be putting." She has a new stance that is similar to Arnold Palmer's, and at the Burdine's tournament she was sinking four and five sizable putts a round.

Now that she has her pro win, JoAnne can say what she thinks about the pros and their game, views that are straightforward and ones she has long held. "Most of the pros don't show me much," she says. "I played with many of them when they were amateurs, and few of those that turned professional ever won anything as an amateur. Mickey Wright is something special. Kathy Whitworth has a belly button [*i.e.*, fortitude] but not a great swing. Carol Mann is going to be one of the best ever. Some of the others think they are the greatest thing walking. But give me the 10 top amateurs and we would beat the 10 top professionals." (It is interesting and significant that of the 13 amateurs named to Curtis Cup teams in the past six years, not one has turned pro. Nor did losing to JoAnne Gunderson Carner really upset the pros. They know how good she is, that her win was no fluke. Most of them sincerely congratulated her on her victory. At the presentation ceremonies they gave JoAnne the heavy hardware. "At least she's big enough to carry it," a Burdine's executive said, none too tactfully. JoAnne, all 5 feet 7 and 140 pounds of her, was amused. "Well, we've got the money," said a laughing Carol Mann to the assembled pros as Shirley Engelhorn pocketed the $5,200 check that was the first purse.

JoAnne Carner has won six of the seven tournaments she has entered in the past year and a half (her first defeat came in the semifinals of the Doherty Amateur two weeks ago), and the list of championships says something about her ability and how she intends to lead her life: the 1968 Doherty, Harder Hall, Rhode Island Amateur, Eastern Amateur, U.S. Amateur and the 1969 Burdine's Invitational.

This week the Carners are back on the beach and JoAnne's winter "tour" — two tournaments — is over. For the next couple of months, until they head north, fun will be an occasional 72 and a pail of fish. **END**

GOLF IS STILL FUN TO JOANNE, BUT SURF CASTING IS HER REAL WINTER FAVORITE



**Pfftt! went the winning streak and blam! went the big national rating as New Mexico State ran afoul of the unsympathetic upstate Lobos**

# The wolfpack waged psychological warfare

Through all the annals of great rivalry there may never have been more unwilling participants than the students and alumni of the University of New Mexico, who regard the adherents of New Mexico State with much the same respect that Tom the cat held for Jerry the mouse. Their conversations about the school to the south are only grudgingly offered, and even then contempt mingles with indifference, while smiles, chuckles and a lot of listen-you've-got-to-hear-this-one talk infiltrates the air. If Navy pulled a *Pueblo* every week, Army would act like this.

Last week, however, New Mexico met New Mexico State twice in basketball, back to back, your place my place, and talk came cheap. The Aggies of State were 16 and 0, undefeated, rated high up in the polls, just where New Mexico's Lobos were supposed to be, and were beginning to usurp much of the attention and territorial publicity that once belonged to UNM alone. Just as Tom took Jerry seriously only after the latter had stolen the milk, the cheese *and* the mousetrap, so New Mexico had to reassess its own philosophy.

Instantly, in the tunnel leading to the Aggie floor in Las Cruces that first game night, the Lobos understood all of this, and their insouciant vanity disappeared. Greg (Stretch) Howard was responsible. Waiting impatiently in line, staring at the floor, he barked, "Let's go," and pushed the teammate in front. In a moment the Lobos were rambling onto the floor, arrogant but determined, with their names and the outline of the state on their backs, their pride and domination of the game on the line. They were about to tell New Mexico State, *Mi casa no es su casa*. The Lobos were ready.

In the weeks leading up to this game New Mexico's preparedness was suspect. The team won the Western Athletic Conference championship last season, when it was not expected to, and defeated State twice. But in the NCAA regional tournament on its home floor in Albuquerque, New Mexico was beaten in two games, the second time by the much-ridiculed Aggies. This year, with two fine sophomores coming in, the Lobos were supposed to be winning the league easily, but they were not.

Coach Bob King soon developed problems with his three big men, Ron Sanford, sophomore Willie Long and Howard, who were moody, sulky and reluctant to share playing time. Little Pete Gibson, the 5' 7" rookie playmaker, had trouble adjusting to King's deliberate offense, and the Lobos—an otherwise brobdingnagian group with little finesse—lost six road games, including their first three league contests. Further, Howard's behavior grew so erratic—among his transgressions was a traffic ticket, supposedly for driving while watching, through the rearview mirror, a TV set installed in the back seat of his car—that King, fed up, suspended him for "smoking." The Lobos were without their best player for six games (two of which they lost) until King finally took Howard back. That didn't help much—New Mexico lost three of its last four before the State games, and the team appeared finished for the year.

In Las Cruces, meanwhile, people were saying that Howard hadn't quit smoking and that King had taken it up. But Aggie partisans were much too preoccupied with their own team to dwell long on such gossip. Even considering a schedule that was more guacamole salad than red meat, New Mexico State, an independent, has had a remarkable year. Play-

**AT COURTSIDE CONFERENCE** in first game, "injured" Steve Shropshire leans over Coach Bob King as Stretch Howard (*center*) listens

ing their first season in the sparkling, 13,000-seat Pan American Center, the Aggies had genuine talent in Slammin' Sam Lacey, the 6' 9" center, and Guards Jimmy Collins and Charley Criss. Coach Lou Henson acknowledged his team's success graciously, but he was concerned about what he called King's "psychological advantages."

"We have to fit our games around theirs," he said, "but I would have thought he'd schedule us farther apart. I think King wanted to put us here to gain the advantage. Every year we play the first game in Las Cruces. It's always an advantage to go on the road first."

For last year's game in Las Cruces, UNM's Sanford was left at home with an eye injury—a fact extravagantly noted by the newspapers. To Henson, therefore, it seemed much too coincidental that on Tuesday of last week, the day before the first game, the Albuquerque papers headlined that Steve Shropshire, a starting forward for the Lobos, would not play because of a back injury.

"Here comes King again with his psychology," said Henson. "He says State could go unbeaten. He says these games aren't important to New Mexico. Now he says Shropshire can't play. They always get excuses before the game, then if they lose they've got them afterward. He goes overboard for that psychological edge. Personally, I think it's unethical."

"I know they're saying this is a pack of lies," said King, 250 miles to the north. "But my man can't even bend over. We'll be lucky to stay on the floor with New Mexico State."

Henson, whose own psychological guile had been exposed by a lie-detector test earlier this season, countered again. "The polls rate performance, not personnel. We won't beat them twice," he said. "If we split, we'll be doing well. I'm not saying this to psych anybody, but New Mexico's personnel is second only to UCLA's and maybe not even second."

Upon arrival in Las Cruces on Tuesday night, the New Mexico team—to its consummate surprise—was greeted by a large entourage from State, and it was high comedy indeed to observe the feigned laughter and superficial joy in the motel lobby as the coaching staffs and athletic officials fattened each other up. "What is this Aggie crowd doing?" New Mexico Assistant Coach Norm Ellenberger whispered to a newsman. "Get them the hell out of here."

The next evening relations were anything but cordial. With Sanford playing the high post and drawing a confused Lacey out to him, Howard scored at will inside the Aggie zone, and New Mexico went ahead early. The Aggies came within three points, 38–35, at halftime, but New Mexico scored six straight points after the break to open it up again. Henson had his team go into a man-for-man defense but, with Lacey in foul trouble, 6' 8" sophomore Jeff Smith had to guard Howard.

The two worked each other over dangerously until a double foul was called with 14½ minutes left. Howard was taken out, but his replacement, Long, wanted a piece of the action. After a particularly rough rebound and while both were moving upcourt, Long turned, elbowed Smith in the neck and, in the same motion, decked him with a fast right cross to the jaw. Smith, more stunned than hurt, grabbed his face and sprawled on the floor.

That was the extent of the brawling, but it was the finish of the Aggies, too. After Long was ejected, Howard came back in and scored half of the Lobos' final 34 points. In a masterful performance he ended up with 35 points and 14 rebounds in the 86–66 victory, while Shropshire, for the record, started, played most of the game and scored 11 points.

Howard, whose emotional pitch left him in a state of hysteria throughout the evening, was still gazing at the ceiling and babbling incoherently at 4 the next morning. After he left the floor to the shouts of, "Hey, Stretch baby, have a smoke," he discussed the slugging incident. "It's lucky I was on the bench," he said. "I would have been out of this one, if Willie hadn't hit him first. We'd been elbowing together, but Smith was due for the ultimate. One more push and I would have had to lay the man down myself."

"But he was pushing all the time," said Long. "When a man has to be hit,

*continued*

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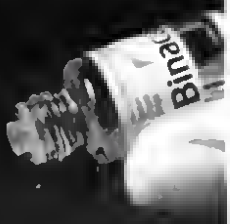

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then I'm the man who has to hit him."

For Henson, who had talked earlier of the inevitability of defeat, the effects of the first loss were not so deeply felt until the next day. "You know," he said then, "you get used to winning, and you forget how bad it feels to lose."

On Saturday afternoon in Albuquerque, the Aggies—with the exception of Lacey—finally were charged up. For the second game Henson switched 6′ 5″ John Burgess to the backcourt on offense to free Collins in the corners, and the State zone collapsed on Howard, double-teaming him everywhere. New Mexico, in foul trouble early, could not get inside this time, and Criss and Collins shot the Aggies to a 12-point lead, 37–25. Then Sanford moved higher for shots over the zone. The Lobos, though outscoring State by three field goals, trailed by six points at the half.

Again New Mexico came back strong in the second period. State tried to play a delay game, but the Lobos went *man-to-man and made the first six points* after intermission to tie the score with 16:30 to go. The Aggies struggled furiously from there. When Lacey faltered, Smith —despite a sore jaw—had to hold off the Lobos' big men by himself. Howard and Sanford tallied in close to give the home team a 66–62 lead with 30 seconds left. But Criss was fouled 12 seconds later, and after he made two free throws Collins stole a New Mexico pass off the press and fed Criss, who—amid the bedlam—jumped, shot and tied the game again.

Five seconds were left now, following a UNM time-out. The ball came to Gibson when his tall teammates failed to cut, so Petie—who wears double zero on his shirt—dribbled to the left of the circle and threw it up just as the gun sounded. The shot went in—it was Gibson's only basket of the day—and the Aggies, beaten 68–66, filed out silently, stepping over the ashes of a once-perfect season.

For New Mexico, which had shot more than 60% for the second straight game, the week delivered better omens. The Lobos won back their territory and, unlike the roadrunner, that state bird whose tail sometimes points up and sometimes down, they were uncertain of themselves no more. New Mexico would go back to its conference race with heads—and tails—up. **END**

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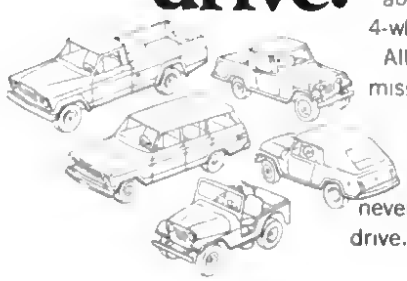

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BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

# *Aussie squeeze on the Chinese*

Following their fine performance in last June's World Bridge Olympiad (SI, Aug 5), the Australians won the Far Eastern Bridge Championship played in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia last month. In spite of that victory there is considerable doubt that Australia will be representing the Far East when the 1969 World Bridge Team Championship begins in Rio de Janeiro in May.

The question of the Aussies' appearance in South America comes down to a matter of money. Last time the Bermuda Bowl event was played in South America it cost the American Contract Bridge League $10,000 to send six players, a non-playing captain and a coach to Buenos Aires and this did not include the tab for bringing the players together for several practice events before they left. However, the league expects to raise $14 000 or more from a single continent-wide event that was played in some 200 North American cities on Jan 27, a contest in which any bridge player could take part. But no other national bridge organization can tap any comparable source of funds.

Australia, for example, has only 2,000 members in its bridge association. As a result—and this has been especially true in the Far East—teams must often be chosen to include players who can pay their own way. In some cases they must bear the costs for the entire squad. Thus only two members of the Australian Olympiad team, Tim Seres and Roelof Smilde, were on hand for the event in Kuala Lumpur. Going into the final rounds, they were in third place, and they knew that to keep alive any chance for the title they would have to knock off first-place Taiwan. So Smilde was making an all-or-nothing try when he and Seres lined up against K. R. Cheng and H. T. Lin on this hand.

Not many players would have chosen Smilde's daring three no-trump bid. Yet all South needed, assuming that West would not open clubs, was to find North with a bit of strength in whichever suit West did lead. The queen of spades was the only card of value in North's hand, but it was enough—not that declarer ever made a trick with it.

Smilde won the opening spade lead with his king, but because he had only two spades in his hand, he could not make direct use of dummy's queen. Nevertheless, the opponents could not avoid giving him his ninth trick. After winning the spade king, he knocked out East's ace of diamonds, won the club return and ran five diamond tricks. South then got out with his last spade, West did not have a club to lead and his heart return established South's king for the game-going trick.

When the hand was played at the other table the Chinese South wound up in two no trump, also making three. The net difference of 450 points was worth 10 IMPs to the Australians, who went on to win the match by a handy margin. This triumph later proved essential, as the Aussies nosed out the Chinese by only a fraction of a point in the final standings.

It will be too bad if Australia does not get to play in Rio. But, as Tim Seres himself pointed out, if the choice passes to Taiwan, whose team includes star members of the Olympiad squad that played in New York in 1964, the Chinese will be formidable contenders. **END**

*Both sides vulnerable*
*East dealer*

**NORTH**
♠ Q 6 3
♥ 7 6 5 4 3
♦ 7
♣ 7 6 5 3

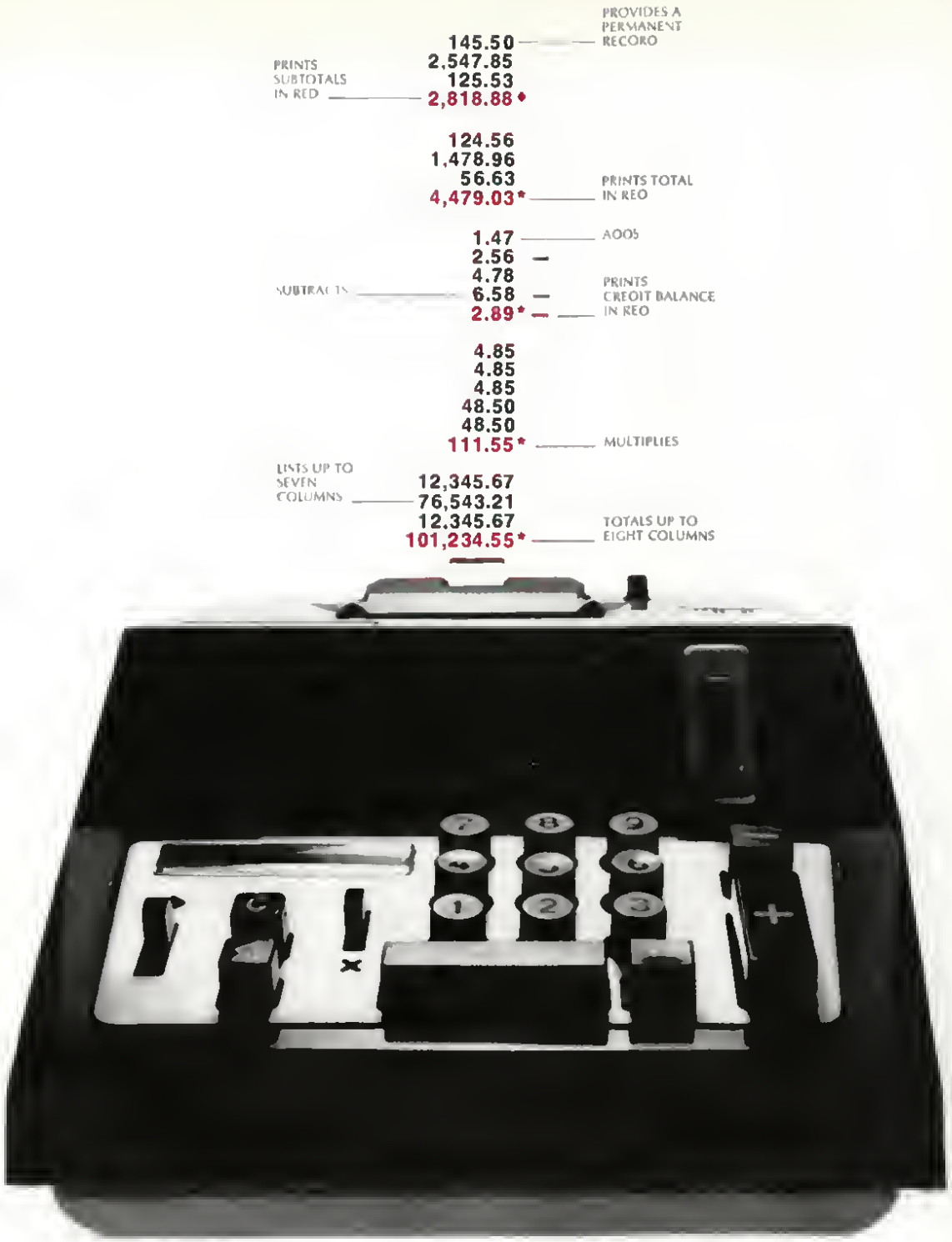
**WEST**
♠ A J 10 5 4
♥ 9 8
♦ 8 6 5 4 2
♣ 9

**EAST**
♠ 9 8 2
♥ A Q J 2
♦ A
♣ Q J 10 4 2

**SOUTH**
♠ K 7
♥ K 10
♦ K Q J 10 9 3
♣ A K 8

| EAST (Lin) | SOUTH (Smilde) | WEST (Cheng) | NORTH (Seres) |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 ♠ | 3 N T | (All Pass) | |

*Opening lead 5 of spades*

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# I Finally Got the Point

by EZRA BOWEN

If you have never played basketball on an aircraft carrier during the North Atlantic winter storms, this story may be of minimal interest to you. On the other hand, there are certain universals to the experience that make it worth passing on. It may cause you to ruminate on how quickly old wars pass from the mind. This is probably a beneficial thought. More specifically, in case you ever decide to try it, you will learn that in the course of a March gale in the Davis Strait the act of trying to swish a ball through a shipboard basket is rather like trying to make love to a ghost, *i.e.*, at any moment the prime object of your concentration may vanish.

I came upon this smattering of bizarre—and since useless—wisdom in the final months of 1945. World War II had just ended, and in a perfect universe everyone would have been home drinking up his separation pay. However, the military machine of a great nation cannot stop doing overnight what it was created to do. As a consequence there was much belligerent tapering off, which took various forms. Among them were the execution of people the Allies disapproved of, the occupation of defeated nations, the training of large bodies of men to shoot other men who had long since surrendered and the creation of extravagant killing machines too late for the war just past and far too primitive for major use in any future conflicts.

My ship, the aircraft carrier U S S *Midway*, was in the latter category. She was a dreadful vessel into whose structure had been programmed all the recent theories and countertheories for accommodating war planes afloat. Being in effect the creature of an enormous committee, the *Midway* was a maritime camel, able to do nothing well. She took unkindly to all conditions of the sea, and vibrated so badly at the ordinary pace of 27 knots that no one dared let her go faster. These and other shortcomings made her unsat-

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isfactory as a naval vessel; more important, since it bears on what seemed to be our only mission, she was a perfectly hopeless place to play basketball.

Nevertheless, at the peak of the 1945-46 winter season we had 32 organized, uniformed teams on board. Each represented one of the ship's 32 divisions, such as the 3rd Air Division, the 1st Engineers, the 4th Gunnery—my outfit—Sea-Duty Marines and one or two notably ill-behaved officers' teams. Every squad had its own coterie of partisan supporters, some of whom enjoyed considerable rank and thus were suspected—justifiably or otherwise—of arranging working parties, gunnery drills and other enervating chores so as to influence the outcome of a given game. As will be related, this concern for results was something more than an emotional matter.

When we had bright, calm weather, which was seldom, games and workouts might be held on the flight deck. But usually we played on the hangar deck. The baskets, with the fan-shaped backboards then in vogue, were suspended from the overhead. The lighting was excellent, but the playing surface, a steel floor overlaid by an apparently irremovable film of gas and oil drippings from the planes, left much to be desired. Furthermore, basketball afloat, even on the most sea-kindly vessel, tends to defy all the precepts upon which Dr. Naismith built the game. Besides the business of the moving basket, the shipboard player frequently finds himself passing off to a colleague whose path or elevation varies drastically after the ball has been thrown. On top of all this, when driving for a layup or leaping to block a shot, the mind must deal with such distractions as where the floor is going to be when one comes down, as opposed to where it was when one went up.

Despite these operational hazards, most of my off-duty hours were spent at basketball. If this seems odd in view of the uncongenial conditions for play, consider the other types of leisure available. Perhaps the most popular was standing at the rail, which some men did for days on end, contemplating the deep. However, I could not muse so profoundly nor nearly so long as they. I was never able to discern embosomed in great waters the fundamentals of life and social morality—or the mirror of the universe—as Melville once did with some success as his own hedge against the appalling boredom of sea voyages.

Other men passed the hours below in the crew's quarters where they invented extravagant lies about their last night ashore or stared at the bulkhead while inwardly counting and recounting their discharge points. The only other refuge was a movie shown twice a week at one end of the hangar deck. The films, projected against a hangar door, featured a rotation of such socko selections as Abbott and Costello in *Pardon My Sarong*, *Our Vines Have Tender Grapes* with Butch Jenkins and Margaret O'Brien, *Tarzan's Revenge*, *Knute Rockne—All American* with Pat O'Brien, *Meet Bostan Blackie* with Chester Morris, and several other amorphous flicks starring people like Freddie Bartholomew, Jane Withers, Zachary Scott and Judy Canova. I spent a great deal of time at basketball.

At first the games were pickup, played strictly for fun, though some of the participants were first-class athletes. Our own 4th Division harbored an enormous young man named Freddie Swartzberg, who had played center for North Carolina State, a couple of adequate junior-college players from the deeper South, a brace of all-league high school stars and a pedestrian Amherst backcourt man (me).

After some weeks the informal squads polarized into the divisional teams. For a while I had tried sneaking off to play with the marines, since a number of them were soul brothers of mine, that is, Eastern college boys who had purposely flunked out of university-based officers' training programs when the war ended so as to get home sooner. What they got instead was Siberia—or, more literally, a year of sea duty on the *Midway*—a sentence I was sharing as an indirect result of having copped out of the so-called V12 officers' program. But the fraternizing between teams was quickly stopped by our gunnery officers and rated men who, even at this casual stage of the competition, seemed to be taking a marked interest in the scores. Then one day the ship's newspaper announced that a tournament had been arranged (though none of us remembered asking for one), complete with qualifying rounds.

As these preliminaries got under way the *Midway*'s officers withdrew from play both as individuals and as teams. The enlisted men privately claimed the officers were chicken. There may have been a grain of truth in this, since the officers who had been playing with us were rather badly out of shape. More to the point, however, was the fact that too many of them tried to compensate on the court for poor physical condition by coasting, then putting out brief bursts of poorly directed energy that culminated in some shockingly inept fouls. Now a foul—even an uncalled foul—is often tolerable to an opponent if he is not deprived of the means of retaliation. But an ordinary seaman cannot with impunity ride his commanding officer out of bounds on a layup attempt or sink an avenging elbow into a high-ranking solar plexus. Nor should he, in his infinite wisdom, indulge with any freedom in the simplest ramifications of the rebounder's art, such as stepping upon enemy feet, chopping down on forearms, banging about with hip and elbow or hooking a thumb over someone's belt to impede a jump. In short, his play is inhibited and the game becomes dull. Hence we were all relieved when the officers pulled out, though with the benefit of 20-20 hindsight I must confess that what once looked like cowardice now appears as an act of uncommon good taste.

In any case, during the qualifying games our 4th Division team rolled effortlessly through its opponents, so that by the time the opening tournament round of 32 matches began, the odds on us published in the ship's paper had dropped from an insulting 40 to 1 to a fairly respectable 6 to 1. At the same time, in the course of the working day, I

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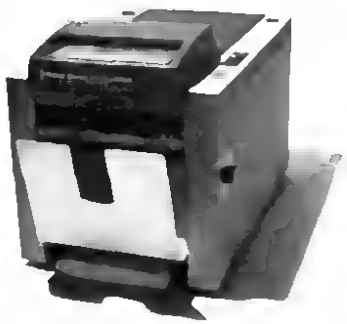

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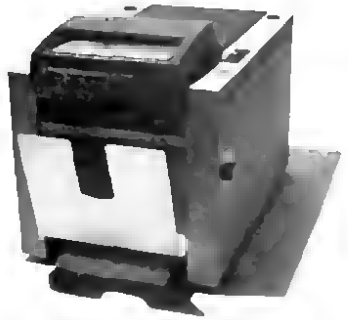

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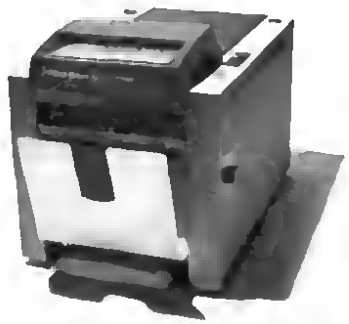

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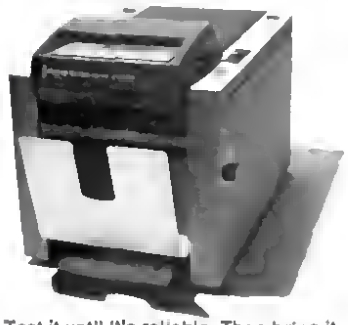
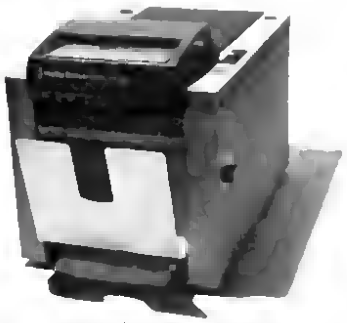
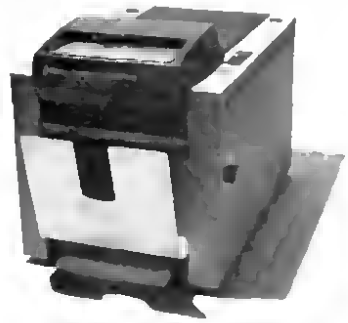


Test it until it's reliable. Then bring it in at a much lower price than anything in its class." "Now you tell us," said our engineers, "when and what can we cut?"
We wondered. Our research showed that while most machines expensively offered 15 copies, most users need 5 or less. We told that to our engineers. They said "we'll give you up to 10."

Then we thought about that 11-inch-wide throat. Why should most people pay several hundred dollars extra for inches that only a few ever use? We'd make our throat the width of most copies, just 8½".



Lest, we pondered sheet-feed. It would be much cheaper to make. But a roll-fed machine would operate much more reliably. (Sheet-feeding often makes copiers jam.) And it would save you money on paper (since copies would be cut to the original's length). So we knew we had no option. We'd have to go with roll-feed.



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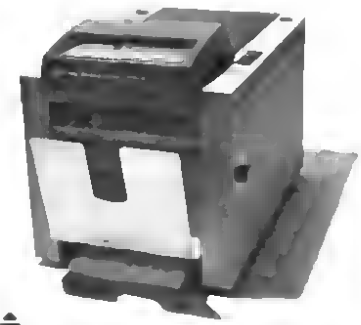

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felt a new warmth from the various gunner's mates, bosuns and even a couple of chief petty officers, types that normally treat seamen like cockroaches.

We won our first-round match handily with outside shooting and rebounding. In the second round our forwards ran the legs off the other team, and during the quarterfinal game Swartzberg swept both backboards to put us into the semifinals. Meanwhile, somebody else knocked off the marines, eliminating what we had judged to be one of the two main hazards between us and the title.

By now an aura of almost paternal devotion had begun to emanate from our petty officers and our ranking officers as well. In fact, a major gunnery drill was abruptly canceled the afternoon before our quarterfinal game. These drills were a detested part of shipboard routine, and they were particularly hard on the bigger men—which meant just about everybody on our team—because the 4th Division tended a battery of five-inch antiaircraft guns whose shells weighed 80 pounds apiece. The man who put the shells into the gun was called a first loader. In order to be tapped for this wretched job, he had to be big enough to handle the ammo in a swiveling mount during rough weather and have long enough arms to put the shell into the breech tray whether the gun was horizontal or vertical. In other words, he had to be built like a basketball player.

Every time the ship went to gun quarters each first loader had to hand up 40 rounds from the magazine, which meant 40 times 80 pounds, or a total of 3,200 pounds, to be hauled into the gun. During actual firing a good crew could get off a round every three seconds. Therefore we had become as expert as possible at rapid fire, since every round set off was one we would not have to carry back to the magazine.

At times the *Midway* resembled a seagoing Vesuvius as all the five-inch mounts let go as maoy inaccurate rounds as they could before the target, a radio-controlled drone plane, came within range of the 40-mm pom-poms, which always knocked it down immediately. The authorities, of course, were very pleased with our diligence if not our aim. The only trouble with firing so fast was that I, for one, became badly disoriented at the sound of the gun going off and in my haste and confusion tended to slam the shells down on my fingers instead of sliding them smoothly into the tray. I never noticed what I was doing until five or 10 minutes after the noise stopped. Then my fingers would feel as though someone had been beating the knuckles with a Stillson wrench, a sensation which does nothing for one's ability to handle a basketball.

Thus we were delighted to be spared the drill. We were less pleased late in the afternoon when three of us, momentarily hatless while carrying crates of peaches to the aftergalley, were nabbed by the Master-at-Arms for being out of uniform and given two hours extra duty to be served that evening from 7 to 9. The semifinal was scheduled for 7:30. It would not be fair at this late date to speculate upon the causes for all the events of that day. However, when word got around that three of five starters from the 4th Division were *hors de combat*, the *combat* itself was rescheduled for the following day.

That night after lights out we could feel the ship running into some weather. We were at this time patrolling that broad, hostile arm of the Atlantic between Greenland and Baffin Island, the Davis Strait. The calendar was edging toward the spring equinox, a breeding time for storms that each year drive all thinking creatures as far as possible from the North Atlantic. In this particular season even the Arctic birds had departed, leaving the area to the *Midway*, three escorting destroyers, an oil tender, a clutch of curious seals that followed us along the edge of the ice pack and a gentleman from the *March of Time* who flew aboard one day to coococt a wildly flattering film on the adventures of the first major carrier to engage in air operations in the Arctic winter.

By game time the next day, a Saturday, the sky and water had turned a dirty gray. The wind was gusting well over 40 knots, and on the weather side cresting seas were rolling down to break with a vengeful crash against the steel flank of the ship. The *Midway*, abetted by a helmsman who insisted in taking the waves on the quarter instead of just off the bow, was behaving even worse than usual, and thus it was a miracle that the 4th Division team was not decimated during the pregame warmups. I remember Swartzberg loping in for his first practice layup, jumping hard and clearing the suddenly rising deck by no more than an inch instead of his usual three feet. The ball released from his upstretched fingertips failed by a good two feet to reach the height of the rim—whereupon poor Swartzberg fell flat on the steel floor, which at that instant was canted upward at an angle of some 20 degrees to starboard. It hurts very much to fall on steel plating, and Freddie rose slowly, with that gloomy look of big men who are not used to being discommoded.

I was next, and as I started to dribble in, the ship rolled to port. It was a fascinating experience. I found myself not dribbling but scurrying downhill after a bouncing ball that was going a bit faster than I was. I overtook it near the basket and went up for the shot just as the floor fell away. For one giddy instant I found myself looking down into the basket from above while the backboard rushed at me. I managed to double up before the collision so that my shoulder and the back of my head scraped safely past the bottom of the board. At this point, however, the immediate future still seemed quite unpromising, since I was some distance above the floor. By the greatest good luck I finally came to rest upon the substantial person of a lieutenant commander whom we shall call Beardsley, the *Midway*'s chief gunnery officer and one of the fattest men aboard. I thudded into his fleshy embrace, and as we sank majestically onto the oil-slick deck he grunted, "Be careful, Bowen, we got a lot on this."

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That struck me as an odd form of expression, but I appreciated both his personal sacrifice—for I was going quite fast when we hit—and his solicitude. The game was a shambles, most of the wreckage falling upon the other team. Whenever we tried a fast break, the deck slanted cooperatively—or so it seemed—toward the proper basket so that our forwards could charge downhill for their two points. And after the Beardsley incident in the warmups, lesser 4th Division personnel clustered behind the end lines to cushion the landings of our players as they hurtled out of bounds after making their layups. The other team, the 3rd Air Division, always seemed to be running uphill, with its passes straying out of bounds or into our hands as the ship rolled with the ball in mid-flight.

The main reason for our eventual victory, however, was the indisposition of the opposition's biggest and best player. Halfway through the second quarter he had become no more than a gray-green shell of a man, so seasick he could barely stand, much less run, catch the ball or shoot it. The ailing athlete was Swartzberg's man, but Freddie soon saw he could ignore the poor fellow and stationed himself more or less permanently beneath our basket, where a) he could retrieve rebounds and throw them up the floor to our forwards, and where b) by not otherwise moving, he himself was in no danger of falling down again. At the end of the fourth quarter, with the score an absurdly low and lopsided 32–16, Swartzberg's man tottered off the floor in search of an empty bucket and we were officially in the finals.

At the last gun the crowd instantly divided into islands of rejoicing out of all proportion to the style of the victory, or into islands of deepest despair. Commander Beardsley, recovered from our encounter, was the most notable celebrant, slapping us all on the backside and saying over and over, "Man, we really cleaned up." Again his choice of words struck me as odd. One might rather have said, "Man, we really cleaned *them*." However, though he was a benevolent and reasonably capable officer, I had never taken Commander Beardsley to be beyond us mortals on the IQ scale. Therefore when he exulted, "Eight over, eight points over!" I simply wrote off both as idioms and bad arithmetic and went below to hit the sack.

For the next 24 hours the *Midway* was battened down and laboring badly in a gale that reached 70 knots and a sea so tall and vicious it tore the life rafts from their steel moorings directly beneath the forward end of the flight deck. Sunday was to have been the day of the finals but a game was clearly impossible. Half the men were seasick. Salt spray had sifted through various doors and crevices to collect in glass-slick pools on the hangar deck. From time to time the *Midway* threw her stern and two of her four huge screws clear of the water, setting off such severe vibrations throughout the ship that anything you looked at appeared as in an out-of-phase home movie, jumping and fluttering until you could not focus upon it.

Sunday evening the wind eased but the wave action was still so severe that the other 4th Division backcourt man and I spent the night watch in the head eating dry saltines and drinking quarts of cold water. In the small hours our two bosun's mates, a pair of otherwise very tough characters named Dominic and Harry, appeared in the head to ask with marked tenderness, "Are you guys O.K.?"

So far was I from being O.K. that death seemed a cheerful alternative. Nevertheless, touched by this new sign of concern, I raised my head in a wan attempt at stiff-upper-lipmanship, as prescribed by all the camp counselors and prep-school coaches who had molded the character of aspiring athletes on my native heath of suburban Philadelphia. The two bosuns nodded and departed. As they did so my companion in suffering, a pale-faced Polish boy whose own value judgments had been cast and tempered in the steel towns near Pittsburgh, muttered, "Them guys don't care about nobody but theirself."

I asked what he meant.

"You kidding?" he replied. "There's two, three grand going in the one chief's mess tomorrow, and them bosuns got a couple of bills apiece on us." Then he threw up.

I took all these things and pondered them in my heart as best I could under the circumstances, which did not truly lend themselves to deep and careful thought. Nevertheless, I began to dimly perceive that basketball as practiced aboard the *Midway* was a many-layered phenomenon, and only the top two or three levels had anything to do with such familiar concepts as exercise, the thrill of competition or How You Play the Game. Having moved at age 17 from the womb of Philadelphia to the equally warm and protective incubator of Amherst, my tender eyes had been shielded from these deeper layers—wherein lay the money.

By morning the sea had eased somewhat. The Polish boy and I had made it back to the rack for a few hours sleep. And when the bugle came over the squawk box sounding reveille, Dominic and Harry came by.

"You all right, Bowen?"

"Yeah."

"You and Swartzberg and them fall out for chow. Then you can come back, lay in the rack all [unprintable] morning. Squilly the same."

Squilly was a nickname for my bunkmate, a pre-med student from Columbia who had acquired the post of team trainer. Before and after games he massaged our legs, which tended to cramp following an hour on the steel hangar deck. On this day of the grand finale, he first performed his massages and then told us we would have a late lunch of steak—the only really good piece of meat I saw in six months of sea duty—and he mentioned that a lot of people were counting on us. After the revelations of the previous night, I believed him.

During the forenoon I tried very hard to become indignant over the discovery that we were not cherished ath-

letes, but rather instruments of profit on a floating gambling palace. However, the truth was that the awareness delighted me. Like many virgins, after passing through a period of initial shock I was invaded by a giddy pleasure at the knowledge that I was participating in my first adultery. And I was anxious to get on with the show.

As game time approached, it became more and more obvious that everyone aboard but me had known all along what was afoot. The compartment was full of talk about betting coups. Several of the men had already gotten fat, as they put it, on lopsided wagers that we would survive to the finals. Others had done handsomely betting from game to game right through the quarterfinals. I also learned, upon trying belatedly to enrich myself with a bet of my own on the final, that no one would touch a player's money with a 40-foot pole, although I could have gotten down—I think the expression was—through a friend if I had done it earlier. Too bad, I thought, for we were something like 9-to-5 underdogs against the other finalists, the 2nd Air Division.

As we jogged out for the game that evening onto the crowded deck, with the ship still rolling and heaving more than usual from the departing storm, it occurred to me there was at least one visible reason for our underdog role: the referee. For the final the man with the whistle was to be the *Midway*'s executive officer, who also happened to be the commandant of all the air divisions on board. We mentioned this disheartening fact to the ensign and lieutenant acting as our coaches, whereupon the lieutenant stared glumly at the deck while the ensign raised his palms and eyebrows heavenward in the classic gesture of *que será*.

Once the game began, however, the real reason we were not favored was quickly apparent, and though I would like with all my heart to leave the onus for the evening's debacle upon the head of a devious referee (who, in fact, turned out to be scrupulously fair), I am afraid the truth roosted much closer to home. In basketball my own particular strengths, if any, were rebounding and an archaic offensive gesture called the two-hand set shot. The two-hand set, as sports historians will perhaps remember, was a high, arching thing launched like a mortar round from somewhere beyond the keyhole and calculated to descend through the distant hoop in a clean swish. Aboard the heaving bulk of a ship like the *Midway*, however, the best-aimed set shot in the world tends to come down not where the basket is but where the basket was—which usually turned out to be a yard or two from the original point of aim.

Furthermore, my own set shots, while elegant, were not necessarily noted for their sustained accuracy. In fact, I believe I still own one Amherst scoring record that may never be broken. In the winter of 1947-48 I played a full season without making a single point. And since the Amherst team of that year set what deserves to be another all-time college record of winning one game and losing all the rest, I have been described—not altogether fairly, I assure you—as the worst player on the worst team Amherst ever had.

This scoring deficiency had been concealed in previous games on the *Midway* largely because of our offense, a pell-mell fast-break attack in which our forwards had usually scored or given up the ball by the time I got upcourt. The 2nd Air Division, however, was much too shrewd to allow anything so simpleminded to take place, and within the first three minutes of play their guards had gone into a kind of loose, shifting zone that shut off our fast break altogether. Therefore I arrived upcourt with the ball still in play and became the author of three catastrophic set shots, one of which hit the supporting pipes behind the backboard while the other two bounced off the wing of an F4U fighter parked some distance away. Meanwhile, the

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*By the greatest good fortune I landed in the fleshy embrace of Commander Beardsley, who only said, "Be careful, Bowen, we got a lot on this."*

ship's motion had cut way down on everyone's rebounding efficiency, thus leaving me stripped of all my alleged abilities

Finally—and alas—the man I attempted to guard was a burr-headed virtuoso who darted about like a waterbug, hooking, popping and driving with either hand, unreeling a dazzling succession of moves and feints, all of which seemed to climax in the ball's soft descent through the hoop After five minutes, with the score 17–3 in their favor (13 by my man), our coach called time As the teams strolled to their respective sidelines, my man, who bore more skill than charity, said to me quietly, "You ain't getting your share of these, are you, sonny?"

To this day I have not thought of a suitable reply In any event, I was replaced by a mustachioed Cajun named Lefevres who was short, fast and bowlegged, the perfect basketball build for a rough-weather game aboard ship. With his low center of gravity, wide base and quick moves, he hounded my man through two and a half nearly scoreless quarters until Lefevres either fouled out or slipped in a puddle and hurt his knee I cannot remember which In any case by that time my man was very tired Swartzberg had begun to hit regularly and the other backcourt man, the Pittsburgh philosopher who had spent most of the night with me in the head (and mainly as a consequence had failed to make a shot in the first half), was beginning to put in some points of his own.

In the middle of the fourth quarter the game suddenly was narrowed to a matter of four or five points. Thereafter both sides indulged in much calling of time, joining of hands in a tight circle and breaking with shouts of "Let s go!", plus other ritualistic observances of close play. With 30 seconds left, by a series of miracles—not the least of which was my one and only basket—their lead was reduced to a single point But then one of their men broke loose on a lovely, driving hook shot and that was the ball game. We were beaten.

*Never had bosuns and chiefs exhibited such concern over the physical and spiritual welfare of a mere seaman*

Never have I been inundated by such a joyous rush. When the final gun went off I had shaken my man's hand and started to slump into that lonely stroll one takes from the court after defeat, a posture with which I was exceedingly familiar But I had not gone two steps when I—along with the rest of the team—was cheered, pummeled and hosannaed with cries of "Way to go!" "Terrific!" "You guys done it!"

What we had done in my book was blow the big one. Or rather, I had blown it, since my man had scored about half the opposition s points. Nevertheless, the joyous din continued, with my own wretched frame as one of the clear objects of praise.

Eventually in the milling, jostling throng of celebrators, I found myself next to Squilly. "What's this all about?" I asked.

"You beat the spread, junior," he said. "Face it, this is a big night You guys are heroes "

"What's the spread?" I asked, and it is necessary to remember that this was back when all the newspapers in the land did not supply this valuable arithmetical information on everything from the Super Bowl to high school volleyball. Momentarily stunned at my ignorance, Squilly recovered and explained that although the straight odds on the game's outcome had been 9 to 5, a bettor could get even money by wagering that the 2nd Air team would not beat us by four points or more. And by scoring one of the late baskets that brought us eventually within three points of the enemy, I was a hero.

That night we again were treated to steaks, and Squilly reappeared for rubdown duties Clearly, neither he nor our officers had suffered from the outcome. Judging from their warm visitations and praise, neither had various chief petty officers, Lieut. Commander Beardsley and other rates and braid, one of whom is worth particular mention: the chaplain.

The ranking divine on the *Midway* was the hearty, ho-ho-ho type of prelate. At Thanksgiving, for example, he had breezed into the chow hall to bestow upon us a kind of horseback blessing, then sat down on a crowded bench to break bread with *the men* I had not seen much of him since But he now descended into our compartment, where he sought us out one by one to shake our hands and give us a lusty backslap Then, at the foot of the ladder leading up to the next deck, he paused and, with his heartiest "ho-ho-ho" as preface, he boomed, "I'm proud of you men You did much better than any of us had truly expected " And he bounced up the ladder.

Someday, not in this world and not necessarily in heaven, I am going to ask him just how many dollars better we did. **END**

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# FOR THE RECORD

**A roundup of the sports information of the week**

**BASKETBALL**—NBA The Eastern Division standings were unchanged BALTIMORE (37-15) split four games to remain on top PHILADELPHIA (35-17) and BOSTON (34-19) were 2-3 and 3-2, respectively, but Coach Red Holzman's nine-man NEW YORK Knicks (37-21) won all three of their games to close in on third place, Bill Bradley scoring a pro career high of 28 points 11 of 15 from the floor—in a 109-82 rout of the Celtics CINCINNATI (28-25) traded No 1 draft choice Don Smith to Milwaukee for Fred Hetzel, who promptly got 23 points and 11 rebounds against the Sonics DETROIT (23-32) kept out of the cellar with two wins and three losses, while MILWAUKEE (15-40) went 0 and 4 In the West LOS ANGELES (38-17) and Wilt Chamberlain began playing up to expectations, Wilt scoring 60 against the Royals and the Lakers winning five SAN FRANCISCO (24-30) rose to third with a 3-2 week, and SAN DIEGO (23-31) replaced the Warriors in fourth CHICAGO (23-32) slipped to fifth, losing three SEATTLE (19-38) and PHOENIX (11-42) brought up the rear

ABA In a week cut short by the All-Star Game, which the West won 133-127, Eastern Division leader MINNESOTA (26-20) had its problems First, the Pipers underwent their third coaching change of the season Gus Youna replacing Jim Harding when Commissioner George Mikan and Pipers President Bill Erickson dismissed Harding following a row at the All-Star Game Then leading scorer Connie Hawkins was sidelined for at least a month as a result of a cartilage operation Finally Minnesota lost two of two but hung onto first place nonetheless as KENTUCKY's (26-21) three victories were insufficient to close the gap INDIANA (27-25) stayed in third as MIAMI (21-24) and NEW YORK (13-34) held fourth and fifth with 2-1, 1-2 records Nobody made a move in the West OAKLAND (38-5) won three, DENVER (28-20) split four, NEW ORLEANS (24-24) won two and LOS ANGELES (21-26) lost two while DALLAS (18-25) and HOUSTON (13-31) endured at the bottom

**BOXING**—Denmark's TOM BOGS won his 46th consecutive fight going 15 rounds for the first time to retain his European light-heavyweight title with a decision over Piero Del Papa in Copenhagen

**FIGURE SKATING**—Three of four titles in the nationals at Seattle went to defending champions TIM WOOD of Detroit in the men's division, JUDY SCHWOMEYER of Indianapolis and JAMES SLADKY of Rochester, N Y in the gold dance, and RON and CYNTHIA KAUFFMAN of Seattle, who took their fourth title in as many years, in the senior pairs JANET LYNN, 15, of Rockford, Ill., completed a flawless triple jump for a come-from-behind victory in the ladies' division

**FOOTBALL**—The major surprise of the third annual AFL-NFL joint draft was that two Ivy Leaguers went in the first round Columbia's 6' 4" Quarterback MARTY DOMRES to San Diego and Yale Running Back CALVIN HILL to Dallas "Hill can do things that even O J SIMPSON cannot," a Cowboy official said ominously Also O J was unavailable, since he was the No 1 pick and had gone to Buffalo where he will team up with Running Back BILL (Earthquake) ENYART of Oregon State Other top choices were Ohio State Tackles DAVE FOLEY to the New York Jets and RUFUS MAYES to Chicago Notre Dame Tackle GEORGE KUNZ to Atlanta, Purdue Running Back LEROY KEYES to Philadelphia, and Penn State Tight End TED KWALICK to San Francisco.

**GOLF**—JACK NICKLAUS won the $150,000 Andy Williams-San Diego Open by one stroke over Gene Littler, with a 284

**HOCKEY**—NHL BOSTON (29-8-11) held first with two wins and a tie as MONTREAL (28-14-7) lost one of three The Canadiens' Jean Beliveau, third highest scorer in NHL history, got his 450th goal in a 6-2 win over the NEW YORK Rangers (27-19-4) The Rangers, who rose to third, have lost only one game under former and now interim—Coach Emile Francis CHICAGO (25-19-5) remained in fourth, while TORONTO (22-15-10) lost three to fall into a last-place tie with DETROIT (23-19-8), as the Red Wings won only one out of three games It was, moreover a blankety-blank week the Canadiens' Gump Worsley got his second shutout of the season and New York's Eddie Giacomin had a shutout against the Red Wings his second in three games In the West ST LOUIS (25-14-11) kept its lead with three wins and a loss OAKLAND (18-27-7) remained in second, going 1-2-1 for the week, and LOS ANGELES (17-24-6) held third with a pair of losses and two wins PHILADELPHIA (12-25-13), MINNESOTA (11-31-8) and PITTSBURGH (10-32-8) stood pat

**HORSE RACING**—After 13 minutes of film study, No-double was disqualified for interference and DIGNITAS ($6.00) a 4-year-old bay colt, was declared the winner of the 1¼ mile $126,300 Charles H Strub Stakes at Santa Anita

**MOTOR SPORTS**—MARK DONOHUE and CHUCK PARSONS won the Daytona 24-hour race in a Lola-Chevrolet after the favored Porsches and Ford GT-40s fell out *(page 16)*

**SKIING**—AUSTRIA dominated the Arlberg-Kandahar at St Anton, winning all the events and taking 10 of the first 12 places in the men's slalom KARL SCHRANZ won the downhill to increase his World Cup lead and ALFRED MATT won the slalom

OLGA PALL, who was the downhill champion in the Olympics, did it again, and GERTRUD GABL won the slalom ANNIE FAMOSE of France, who is leading in women's World Cup points, was injured and will be out for the season *(page 22)*.

**TRACK & FIELD**—Two world indoor records for rather exotic events were set at the Boston AA meet GEORGE FRENN of North Hollywood, Calif tossed the 35 pound weight 73' 3½" and WILLIE DAVENPORT ran the 45-yard hurdles in 5.3, extending his winning streak to eight Davenport also set a meet record in the 62nd annual Millrose Games at Madison Square Garden with a 6.9 in the 60-yard hurdles This meet produced the fastest indoor mile of the year, MARTIN LIQUORI of Villanova winning it in 4:00.8 as well as such novelties as Bob Seagren and Bill Toomey running legs in a mile relay RON JOURDAN of Florida went 7' 1", as he subsequently did at Boston, to take the high-jump and peerless GEORGE YOUNG ran the fastest two-mile in New York history (8:37.8) for his 14th consecutive indoor victory In the Oregon Invitational at Portland, KERRY O'BRIEN of Australia ran another masterly two-mile beating indoor world-record holder KERRY PEARCE with a 8:34.9

**MILEPOSTS**—NAMED As head coaches in the AFL and NFL, CLIVE RUSH and CHUCK NOLL, respectively, both 37 and moving up (or down) from championship clubs Rush, who worked with the New York Jets' offense took over at Boston from Mike Holovak, Noll succeeded Bill Austin at Pittsburgh after three years as Baltimore's defensive backfield coach

NAMED J L (Jake) McCANDLESS, 39, an assistant to Dick Colman at Princeton for 11 years, as the Tigers' new head football coach

HIRED CARL DEPASQUA, 41, to succeed Dave Hart as head football coach at the University of Pittsburgh, after four coaches previously contacted for the job turned it down The plucky DePasqua, who coached Waynesburg to the NAIA championship in 1966 and had only one loss in two seasons, inherits a team that had only two wins in the same span

DIED WILLIAM (Dolly) KING, 51, former college and professional basketball star, first Negro basketball official in the ECAC and basketball coach at Manhattan Community College, of a heart attack, in Binghamton N Y King not only excelled at basketball at Long Island University but at football as well, on Thanksgiving Day, 1939, he memorably played 60 minutes of football in the afternoon and 40 of basketball in the evening, and was high scorer in both games

**CREDITS**

6—Tony Triolo; 21—Eric Schweikardt; 22—AFP-Pictorial 23—AP, 24, 25—Herb Scharfman 26—Sheedy & Long, 30-32—Sheedy & Long 53—Lynn Pelham Ralph Guillumette 54—Rich Clarkson 71—Ken Yimm Pala Alto Times William H Tague, G/H Studio 75—Barry Stiver

## FACES IN THE CROWD

**TIM CHAPMON**, a 6' 5" junior at Sunnyvale (Calif.) High School, scored 14 of his team's 20 points in five overtimes as Sunnyvale finally beat Cupertino 68-66. Tim got two points in each of the first three periods, all four in the fourth and four in the fifth.

**MARY JO BOYD**, a 5' 2" seventh-grader who attends Van Cleve School in Troy, Ohio, left the boys in her class far behind at 6' 6", with three extraordinary leaps of 7' 8", 7' 9" and 7' 10" in the standing broad jump during a national physical-fitness test.

**DAVID GUINN**, a senior at Carson-Newman College in Tennessee, turned to wrestling after suffering a football injury and has won 24 of 27 matches. Guinn, who competes as a heavyweight, has been team captain for two years and this year also serves as coach.

**DOM BLODGETT** of Hallowell, Me won the Class A Senior Division of the Massachusetts Sled Dog Championships at Gardner with his team of Walker hounds Since Blodgett started racing coon hounds in 1964, he has also had three Maine championship teams.

**JIM McCORMICK**, son of the Williams College hockey coach and a freshman at Mount Greylock (Mass.) Regional High School, got six goals as his Williamstown Boys' Club beat the Rome (N Y.) Bantams 7-2. Jim has 13 goals, eight assists in eight games.

**THE REV. GEORGE DICK**, 62, a Baptist minister in Portland, Ore., set a church league bowling record with a 742 series: 244, 232 and 266. Said Rev. Dick, who averaged 175 when he last bowled 30 years ago, "It just proves anybody can have a night like that."

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# BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

## EAST

1. ST. JOHN'S (14-2)
2. COLUMBIA (15-1)
3. VILLANOVA (15-2)

One of Columbia's strong points is that it is not built around one player. When Jim McMillian is having an off night, the Lions can count on Heyward Dotson or Roger Walaszek to take charge. It was Dotson who was on target against Brown, working his way under the basket for 26 points as the Lions won 79–46 and wiped out the memory of their narrow 54–52 victory against the Bruins three weeks earlier. Against Yale, it was McMillian who rose up, scoring seven points in three minutes to erase a 31–30 Eli lead and racing through Yale's zone for 28 points. Columbia won 69–48 and was tied for the Ivy League lead with Princeton, which beat Harvard 76–65 and Dartmouth 61–50. Sophomore Guard Dave Wohl had 39 points as Penn also won twice, downing Dartmouth 61–60 and Harvard 75–70. Cornell squared its league record at 3-3 with victories over Yale (65–64) and Brown (82–77). The Big Red win against Yale came when Dom Calderone swished a 47-foot shot as the game ended.

A smothering man-to-man defense helped St. John's to defeat Temple 65–49. Villanova had no trouble beating Fairfield 66–45 but got a tussle from Toledo when it traveled to the Midwest. Howard Porter's 27 points were the difference in a 66–61 win.

Teams that visited Pennsylvania and New York had a frightful time. Duke lost to Temple 73–69, Evansville to St. Joseph's 95–84 and Navy lost overtime games to Gettysburg (80–71) and NYU (85–81). Yankee Conference teams had an exceptional week: Massachusetts upset Fordham 73–60 and Syracuse 84–63, and Vermont shocked St. Peter's 69–65. The Peacocks then got 37 points from Elnardo Webster to knock off East Carolina 96–76. Pitt ended a 10-game losing streak by beating West Virginia 90–87, then went on the road and lost to LSU 120–79 and Tulane 110–89. Providence, with Jim Larranasa putting in 40 points, beat Rhode Island 83–59 and took care of visiting DePaul 83–62.

Ken Durrett scored 40 points as La Salle breezed past St. Francis 107–95 and added 20 more in a 102–65 rout of Loyola of New Orleans. St. Bonaventure split two games, beating Canisius 79–61 and losing to Duquesne 84–69 as Bob Lanier scored a total of 68 points. Duquesne, loser to Detroit by 76–66, lifted its record to 12-2 in the St. Bonaventure game with Billy Zopf connecting for 25 points. After Canisius had lost to the Bonnies, a campus newspaper wrote that there was a "lack of pride" among the players. That was enough to rouse the Griffins, who used a devastating fast break in their next outing to trounce Loyola of Baltimore 102–78. Penn State stopped Syracuse 64–58 and Bucknell 68–66, and Boston College got 28 points from sophomore Jimmy O'Brien to down Holy Cross 77–69.

## MIDWEST

1. PURDUE (11-3)
2. OHIO STATE (12-3)
3. TULSA (16-2)

Jo Jo White of Kansas closed out his college career with a virtuoso performance, scoring a personal all-time high of 30 points, snapping off some behind-the-back passes and leading the Jayhawks to an 80–70 win over Colorado. That kept alive the Jayhawk (4-2) hopes of catching the Buffaloes (4-1) in the Big Eight, though it will be a formidable task now that White has used up his eligibility. Kansas State Coach Cotton Fitzsimmons had a nightmare before playing Oklahoma State. "They got ahead by six points and held the ball the rest of the way," Fitzsimmons explained. His dream proved surprisingly prescient. The Cowboys took a five-point lead with six minutes left, then slowed down the action and held on for a 64–59 win. Oklahoma State's Henry Iba should have had nightmares himself: he lost his No. 1 scorer for the rest of the season when Amos Thomas was declared ineligible for having played in an unsanctioned exhibition game. Iba woke up laughing, though. Bill Christopher, who took over for Thomas, sank all eight of his shots in a 76–52 victory over Nebraska.

Purdue took over the lead in the Big Ten with a 95–85 overtime win against Ohio State. The Buckeyes had tuned up for that clash by beating Illinois 76–67 as Dave Sorenson scored 30 points and held Greg Jackson of the Illini to 12 points and one rebound. Jackson then came back to get 36 points in an 86–73 victory over Wisconsin. Iowa also showed that it could not be counted out as it toppled Davidson 76–61. Glenn Vidnovic of the Hawkeyes had 23 points, sinking 11 of 12 free throws to bring his record for the season to 105 of 116. Loyola of Chicago beat Michigan 112–100. Wisconsin snapped Marquette's 11-game win string 56–50, but the Warriors held off Detroit 75–74 even though Spencer Haywood had 35 points, 16 rebounds and blocked nine shots.

Miami of Ohio stayed in front in the Mid-American as Frank Lukacs scored three points in the final 26 seconds to beat Kent State 47–45. Ohio U. remained alive with wins over Western Michigan (78–68) and Marshall (110–94), but Bowling Green faded as it lost to Western Michigan 88–87 in double overtime.

Dayton upped its record to 15-3 by doing a fine job of containing two prolific scorers. The Flyers limited Luther Rackley of Xavier to 16 as they won 72–64 and held Niagara's Calvin Murphy to 24 points, winning 100–70.

Grounded by the weather in Chicago, the Cincinnati Bearcats rented cars and drove to Peoria, Ill., where they defeated Bradley 82–62. They also took care of St. Louis 96–72 and, with Rick Roberson getting 27 points in each game, looked as if they would get back into the Missouri Valley race. Tulsa strengthened its lead by rallying from a 10-point halftime deficit to defeat North Texas State 104–94 and then downed Wichita State 94–69. Bobby Smith of the Hurricanes had 32 points in each game. Louisville took over second place by downing Bradley 77–64, while Drake was upset by North Texas State 118–99, but beat Memphis State 85–72.

## SOUTH

1. NORTH CAROLINA (14-1)
2. KENTUCKY (14-2)
3. DAVIDSON (15-2)

"It's just fun to be here, even though I am on Medicare, and have these kids entertain you like they did tonight," said Adolph Rupp, whose Kentucky kids last week beat Alabama 83–70 in overtime for his 800th win. Rupp then outfoxed Vanderbilt, shucking aside his usual high-post offense and using a 1-2-2 geared to spring loose Mike Pratt. The strategy worked, Pratt sank his first four shots and the Wildcats won 103–89. "They did just exactly what I told them to do," said Rupp. The victories left the Wildcats with a 7-0 Southeastern Conference record. Runner-up Tennessee (6-2) beat Auburn 64–59 and used what Coach Ray Mears called his Chinese Defense against Pete Maravich of LSU in an 81–68 win. The stratagem—a zone with two men concentrating on Maravich—held Pistol Pete to 21 points, his low for the season. "If you can't beat the folks you're supposed to whip, then you're in big trouble." Those were the words of Georgia Coach Ken Rosemond, who was in big trouble after losing to Mississippi State 73–71 and to Florida 73–69. In other SEC games Mississippi State gave Alabama its second overtime loss of the week, 68–67, and needed another extra period to defeat LSU 84–81.

In the Atlantic Coast Conference, North Carolina put down Maryland 107–87, but South Carolina stayed just a game behind by stopping Duke 64–57. The Gamecocks committed only five fouls in that contest,

compared to 20 for the Blue Devils. South Carolina, however, lost to independent Florida State 87–76 as Coach Frank McGuire was charged with two technical fouls. A third was not called, but the game was off when McGuire refused to leave the court. Clemson won its first ACC game when substitute Trip Jones sank a shot with five seconds left to upset North Carolina State 78–77.

Mike Maloy had 38 points as Davidson won 94–74 against Southern Conference foe George Washington, which got 34 points from Bob Tallent.

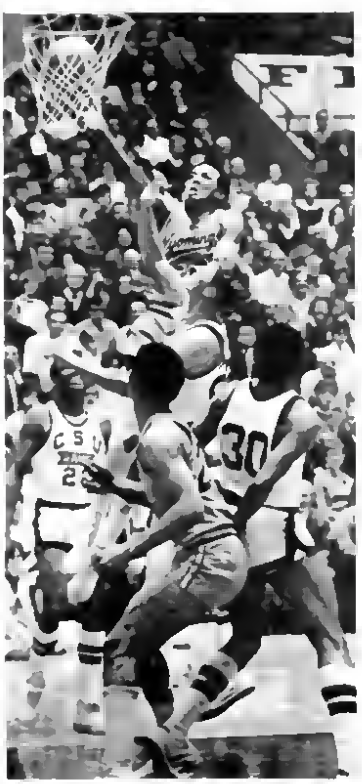
**WEST**

1. UCLA (16-0)
2. SANTA CLARA (17-0)
3. NEW MEXICO (13-6)

There are times when a coach has to work every angle to win. In the case of Shelby Metcalf of Texas A&M, the angles were from the corners, where his players had to score heavily if they were to beat Texas on its home court. The trouble was they were not hitting much from the corners during pregame warmups because of the glare from lights set up by a TV crew. Metcalf threatened to forfeit the game rather than play under the glare of the lights. "It was the only trump I had," Metcalf explained later. "Texas wasn't about to forfeit with all those people [a full house of 7,800] in the stands." Even with the lights doused, the Aggies had trouble winning 65–57, but they took a commanding lead atop the Southwest Conference with a 5-0 record. Texas Tech Coach Gene Gibson, also faced with a crisis, did not fare as well. Despite a reminder from College President Dr. Grover E. Murray that his contract had been renewed last spring on the condition that "this season had to be a good one," Gibson lost to Texas 82–64 and to SMU 87–77. That left the Red Raiders 2-3 and virtually out of the running. Baylor, though, brought its record to 4-1 as it got past Arkansas 74–72 and Rice 71–68. TCU ended a five-game losing streak by beating Arkansas 85–79.

New Mexico, 0-3 in the Western AC, rose up to win twice against outsider New Mexico State (*page 54*). First-place Arizona rallied to defeat Texas-El Paso 75–66. Wyoming beat Colorado State 76–74 in a contest terminated by the officials with two seconds to go following a flurry of fisticuffs and arguments. A tip-in during the closing seconds by Carl Ashley of the Cowboys—Ram Coach Jim Williams argued that it should have been called offensive goaltending—ignited the ruckus. Independent Utah State got 40 points from Marv Roberts, yet lost 113–82 to Brigham Young, which also downed touring St. Francis (Pa.) 98–85. Utah lost to the Aggies 95–92 but took care of West Texas State 104–82. West Texas, which started the week with a 12-2 record, also lost to Weber State 92–76. Both opponents took advantage of the Buffaloes' habit of slowing down when switching from offense to defense. West Texas perked up against Denver, however, winning 81–75. Houston, awakening after an early-season sleep, stopped Texas A&M 85–71 and Notre Dame 89–82.

Dennis Awtrey hit on 15 of 17 shots and wound up with 38 points as Santa Clara (*page 30*) won a 103–72 laugher from Hayward State. UCLA toyed with California 109–74 and Stanford 98–61 in the Pacific Eight. Lew Alcindor had 59 points, pushing his career total over 2,000. Stanford won 66–56 against USC, which then beat California 98–70. George Irvine scored 48 points, pulled down 39 rebounds and took Washington to a pair of wins against outsiders Montana (78–75) and Montana State (78–71). Independent Seattle, aiming for an at-large bid in the NCAA playoffs, beat Texas-El Paso 86–74 and Montana State 75–73 before wasting an 18-point lead and losing to Pacific 82–81. Oregon State Coach Paul Valenti tried his best to worry himself and his boys over a pair of upcoming games against winless Portland. He needn't have bothered. The Beavers made 13 of their first 18 shots and wound up with two wins—83–59 and 78–57. Portland is now 0-17. AND



CARL ASHLEY of Wyoming bulls in for a layup in wild win over Colorado State.

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# 19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

**THE NUKES (CONT.)**

Sirs.

As Mr Boyle has pointed out (*The Nukes Are in Hot Water*, Jan 20), the thermal discharge from nuclear power plants is, at present, a major problem However, with all the expert testimony that is available on the problem, very little is available on good, economic solutions. The low-grade energy that is available should be used, if at all possible, rather than be considered as a pollutant For instance, this writer visited the Hunterston Nuclear Generating Station in Scotland where a research project uses a small portion of the discharge to raise Dover sole The sole reach market size in two years instead of four due to the decrease in the length of the growth period

Studies are being carried out on Long Island to test the growth of oysters in thermal discharges Carp culture is practiced in Russia, where previously it had been impossible due to the cold water Shrimp culture has proved successful, and yearling four-inch trout grew to market size in one summer when stocked in the thermal discharge, without supplementary feeding

These examples, of course, are only a hopeful beginning—not final solutions.

RONALD STEWART
Atmospheric Sciences
Research Center
State University of New York
Albany, N Y

Sirs

Mr. Boyle's article is grossly less than a complete appraisal of the power industry's constructive environmental efforts, and particularly those of New York State Electric & Gas Corp

It is a matter of record, though not mentioned in your article, that the Citizens Committee to Save Cayuga Lake has *never opposed* the construction of NYSE&G's power plant. In fact, they have repeatedly stated in their own publications and in public news media that they *are not* opposed to the plant. The committee wants only to be assured that the plant will fit safely into the Cayuga Lake environment

A D TUTTLE
Binghamton, N Y

Sirs

May I commend you on the very fine article on thermal pollution. As one of the Lehigh scientists, I worked for five years on the Delaware River study in Martins Creek Dr Mihurksy, who is also quoted, was with us on that project

The author has presented a clear and accurate picture of one of the most urgent of our conservation problems. You have reached a wide audience with this article, but how can we educate the politicians and utility men? From bitter experience, I know it will not be an easy task but, from other research projects on industrial pollution in which I have been engaged, may I say that there are some industries that are earnestly trying to control pollution of our most vital resource—water

ELEANOR W HEATZ
Assistant Professor of Biology
Marywood College
Scranton, Pa

Sirs

Please accept our congratulations on being the commercial publication that has done more to advance the cause of conservation than any other Throughout 1968 your many and thoughtful articles in this field were forthright, enlightening and educational

CHARLES W MOORE
President
U S Canoe Association
Indianapolis

**L.A. AND THE LAKERS**

Sirs

After reading Frank Deford's fictional story on the Los Angeles Lakers (*On Top—but in Trouble*, Jan 27), I am compelled to separate fact from fiction for him

FICTION "Some season-ticket seats are conspicuously unused" FACT Season-ticket holders have appeared for this season's Laker games, 1968-69, in greater numbers than last season's, 1967-68, by 5%

FICTION "Inglewood City tax records indicate Forum attendance figures are being inflated " FACT Inglewood admissions tax records always reflect fewer admissions than the Lakers' total attendance because of exempt categories that are not required to be reported, such as tickets given to employees and to radio, television, newspaper and magazine reporters—including the two tickets given to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's local reporter whose gross inaccuracies indicate that he must be among the *de minimus* number of no-shows at Laker games Attendance figures publicly released during Laker games for the convenience of the press and fans are based on a fast count in The Forum box office Those figures are later audited for exact reporting to the NBA and taxing authorities In fact, the audited figures show that last season, 1967-68, the Lakers' total attendance exceeded the publicly announced attendance by 15,233 This season to date, 1968-69, the Lakers' total attendance has exceeded the publicly announced figures by 10,957

FICTION "There are signs that Southern California is getting bored." FACT Laker audited total attendance this season exceeds last season's by more than 10%, hardly a sign of boredom

FICTION "The *Times* has sent a correspondent on the road just once all year" FACT Mr Deford is not too wide of the mark True, the Los Angeles *Times* has sent a reporter on the road only once so far this season For the corresponding time last season they had done so only twice Mr Deford neglects to say that, letting the reader imply that last year the *Times* sent a reporter on every road trip.

With Mr Deford's fantasies thus realigned with the facts, it is clear that, by any measure, Southern California fans are supporting the Lakers in greater numbers and with more enthusiasm than ever before Since Mr Deford's reporting of the facts is so inaccurate, his opinions must be discredited as well

JACK KENT COOKE
President
Los Angeles Lakers
Los Angeles

● The Forum must pay an Inglewood city tax on every admission, including complimentary tickets City records show a total 1968 Forum attendance of 1,652,139 as compared to 2,069,010 announced by The Forum —ED

**BUFFALOED**

Sirs

We appreciate your interest in Buffalo and the Bills (*Warts, Love and Dreams in Buffalo*, Jan 20), and while the stadium there is anything but the best, you really don't reach it by boat, as one might gather by looking at your picture.

I mean, we haven't advised O J Simpson out in California to bring his snorkel Indeed, we need a new stadium in Buffalo, and we are hoping that a cessation of political bickering will facilitate its building soonest As for the community itself, it isn't as bad as portions of your article might suggest, proof of which is that planes, trains and buses leave Buffalo daily, and a million or so Buffalonians aren't on them

RALPH C WILSON Jr.
President
Buffalo Bills
Detroit

Sirs

As a resident of the Buffalo area, I wish to thank Brock Yates for writing an article that so aptly captures the frustrations of being a sports fan in this city, which is so much ignored by major league moguls

I am often given the distinct impression that Buffalo would have to sell its soul to

*continued*

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CH3

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"I cost a lot

"I wouldn't want someone else to go without"

"I used to buy a pint

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obtain a major league Ping-Pong team. Thank heavens for Ralph Wilson, the owner of the Bills. He saw *past* the *all too* apparent ugliness of this city into its heart—a heart big enough to support any major league team, win, lose or draw.

PAUL R. DINAN

Lewiston, N.Y.

Sirs:

As I am a native of Buffalo (pronounced locally as "Buff-a-low"), I naturally awaited the arrival of my copy of your illustrious magazine with bated breath. And although during the winter months I prefer to huddle before my fire, I moved a little nearer to the window (imported at great cost) to keep an eye out for the postman. Finally I was rewarded by the sight of the familiar dogsled, with the distinctive red-white-and-blue stripes on the runners.

After reading your article I was quite shocked and even considered using your magazine to plug a hole in the wall. Fortunately cooler heads prevailed, and I began an objective analysis of your article.

The No. 1 complaint seems to be the weather. Yes, Virginia, there really is a summer in Buffalo, and I am happy to report that the incidence of sunstroke is quite low.

Then comes the misconception that Buffalo is behind the times. The leading advocate of this idea is San Francisco *Chronicle* Columnist Glenn Dickey. He cites the apparel of the Buffalo citizenry as proof of his claim, but I say that it proves just the opposite. For everyone knows that double-breasted jackets with wide lapels are the latest things in men's fashions. As far as the length of ladies' skirts is concerned, it is my belief that Mr. Dickey, after a few too many beers in one of our famed corner taverns, must have wandered into one of the local convents.

But the most damning misconception about the citizenry of Buffalo is the belief that they will not support a loser. Ridiculous! They support Buffalo, don't they?

MICHAEL ROCHE

Buffalo

Sirs:

After reading Brock Yates's article on Buffalo, I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. We have enough courage to laugh at all the barbs and taunts cast in the direction of the Queen City, especially at the inaccurate prejudices that have prevented our entrance into major league hockey and baseball. However, if we truly fit the mold of William Graham Sumner's original forgotten man—the middling white man who works hard, pays taxes, likes sports more than ideas and finds the modern world bewildering—and we are still losers, then we have a right to cry.

Thank you for helping us take a good look at ourselves. I think the article will help put Buffalo on the map for the next hundred years.

FRANK E. BENBENEK

Buffalo

**BOSTON RIVALRY**

Sirs:

Professional and Olympic hockey have dominated the hockey headlines for years, so it is refreshing to see capable talent in the college ranks receive recognition in the national press. Tim Sheehy (*Found: A Native Who Outplays the Imports*, Jan. 20) is the greatest center ever to play college hockey. However, there is another excellent American playing at BC. Paul (The Shot) Hurley, a 1968 Olympian, is definitely the best defenseman in the country.

If BC continues to win, Coach Snooks Kelley will have proved once and for all that Americans can play hockey with the Canadians.

MAURICE DANSEREAU
MARK LABRECQUE

Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Sirs:

Mark Mulvoy, who is a Boston College alumnus, obviously lets emotion enter into his stories when he writes of his alma mater. How is it possible for Sheehy to be the "best college hockey player in the U.S.," as Mr. Mulvoy states, when he is not even the best player in Boston? Herb Wakabayashi of Boston University, an institution that Mulvoy does not see fit to mention in his list of major hockey schools, was chosen to the Coaches' All-America team last year, while Sheehy was omitted. Mike Hyndman, another BU player and the nation's leading scorer last year, was chosen the New England sophomore of the year over Sheehy by the hockey writers last year. It also might be mentioned that both Wakabayashi and Hyndman played leading roles in the Terriers' 10-5 triumph over BC on Jan. 11. The win was BU's ninth straight against BC and came on the Eagles' home ice.

JOHN F. COONEY III

Newton, Mass.

Sirs:

You seemed to forget to mention that Boston University, the *real* hockey power in Boston, had, as of Jan. 11, soundly destroyed Boston College in the last nine meetings of the two teams. BU has ruled Boston with an iron glove for four years now and has been one of the top teams in the East for the last five or six years. This is something that BC cannot claim, so how about doing something on a really great hockey team that has both American and Canadian players? Good ones, too.

STEPHEN MELINE

West Roxbury, Mass.

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